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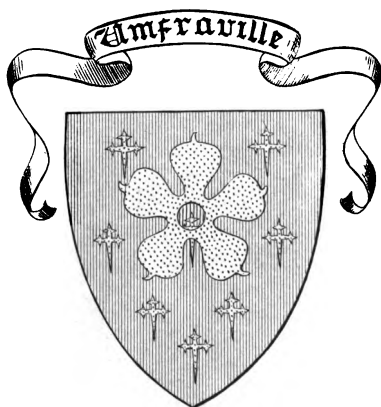
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BLIGHTED AMBITION,

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BLIGHTED AMBITION;

OR, THE

Rise and Fall

OF

THE EARL OF SOMERSET.

A Romance,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"Let me speak, to the unknowing world,
How these things came about—so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads;—all this can I
Truly deliver." HAMLET.

VOL. I.

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1822.

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PREFACE.

It has become fashionable in these enlightened times, to treat historical subjects agreeably to the opinion of nine-tenths of the world, and exhibit its characters and their actions in the fascinating dress of Romance, rather than in the sober language of unvarnished narrative. Indeed, some people have gone so far as to pronounce his-

10 Mar 49 W. J. C. 3v

tory to be but a graver species of fiction, because it has happened that two different writers, when treating of one and the same matter, have represented it in the most opposite lights. Even the events with which we are contemporary, are blazoned forth by the champions of self-interest, and the hirelings of faction, in statements as contradictory as are truth and falsehood. Now; if things which pass under our own observation, and about which our senses cannot deceive us, be so glaringly misrepresented; the worthies who question the veracity of genuine history, and treat it altogether as Ro-

mance will find that these volumes are constructed so as to meet their doubts, and dissipate the objections they entertain against matters-of-fact that were contemporary with their forefathers, about six generations back.

Since, then, nine-tenths of the world love rather to be entertained with this new method of reading history, we have even yielded to their opinion, and set forth various matters that happened two hundred years ago, in the colours of the modern historical melodrama. But it is necessary to advertise the reader, that we have given some

latitude to Fancy, not with any view of distorting the truths we would communicate, but to connect the details of our narrative, much in the same way as the carpenters, who erected the Pavilion on Woolwich Common, gilded the ropes which support its canvas roof, rather for decoration, than for strength. We have not, however, allowed ourselves to be drawn by the dominion of Fancy, beyond the line of demarcation which Fiction has prescribed for her ablest artists.

Of all these matters, however, the fourteen millions of the British Em-

pire who shall peruse "BLIGHTED AMBITION" will judge for themselves; and as we are writing neither the puff direct, nor oblique, we may be allowed now to put an end to our *advertisement*, and permit the reader to seize the passing hour, which, like the wave, never returns again.

With respect to the characters who make a figure in this "*Romance*," except one female, they are all *historical*, even to the very serving-men and women, and shone with various degrees of splendour, as good substantial courtiers in the reign of the First

James of England. The follies of the fools of that period were never yet painted in truer colours, than their prototypes wore ; and the crimes and vices of the knaves and villains who surrounded the Prince have never been represented in stronger language than by their illustrious contemporaries, Coke, Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the neglected but veracious Rushworth.

Shrove-Tuesday,

1822.

BLIGHTED AMBITION,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night : sleep with it now !
Yet not so sound, nor half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty !
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

TRADITION records that an Ambassador of Henry the Seventh consulted a prophetic monk of Italy, to know how long the crown, acquired by his master in the battle of Bosworth Field, should continue in the family. The seer replied by repeating these enigmatical words, *Mars,*

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Puer, Alecto, Virgo, Vulpes, Leo, Nullus.

This response being altogether unintelligible to the Ambassador, he solicited the necromancer to furnish him with an elucidation more explicit than the signification which those words bore in the English tongue. The monk, without hesitation, offered to make his enigmatical jargon perfectly intelligible. A selected time was appointed for the Englishman to attend the seer, who doubted not that he would fully satisfy the inquirer ; and accordingly, on the day chosen for this grand disclosure, his Excellency, accompanied by some of his countrymen, waited on the Monk, who exhibited in elucidation the following scene of phantasmagoria.

The Ambassador and his friends on their arrival were shewn by a secular brother into a very large and spacious room, on the walls of which were in-

scribed many sentences from sacred and prophane writ, confirmatory of the supernatural gift denominated the spirit of prophecy. While the Englishmen were decyphering these various scraps of literature, the Monk entered, in the full habit of his order, and seated himself in a chair that was elevated about one step above the seats on which his auditors were placed. He then desired them, without fear or affright, to observe all that should pass in review before them, and to commit it to posterity, assuring them of no hurt, but protesting they should now have the words of his response fully explained.

No sooner had the holy father said these words, than, waving his wand once gently round, the lights by which the room was illuminated became suddenly extinct, except one hanging lamp, which slowly ascended, so that its flame was perfectly enveloped in a cylindrical

chimney, that resembled an opaque shade. In this gloomy and wavering light a curtain was drawn up at one end of the room, and presented a beautiful landscape of Bosworth Field in the moment of victory. But the Ambassador had scarcely time to contemplate this aerial picture, when the whole scene was changed ; the room was illuminated, and every object wore its natural brilliancy and tone of colouring.

The Monk now again waved the white wand he held in his hand, and immediately a door opened, and there entered the room a lusty stout young gentleman, strong and of large proportions, with a very furious, yet majestic look. His doublet was richly ornamented, and he wore in his hat, which inclined on one side of his head, a full plume of white feathers. His manner was blunt, but active ; and he wore on his thigh a large strong sword, by which he seemed in no

ways encumbered. As he advanced towards the upper end of the room, where the conjuror was seated, to the astonishment of the Ambassador and his friends, there instantly appeared a crown, laid upon a fair table. The gallant with much jollity approached this crown, put it upon his head, and walked up and down the chamber with much strutting and bravery. But at last, as it were with much reluctance, he repaired to the place where he first took up the crown, and there gently laid it down with some obeisance, and disappeared, seeming to sink into the ground.

“ Do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;

Within whose circuit is Elysium,

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.”

The figure of Richard the Third extended on the field, was not more like that “ bear whelp” than the phantom

that disappeared was like Henry the Seventh.

The Monk again waved his wand, the door opened as before, and there entered a "young youth," full of modesty, and looking carefully on the beholders; he went to that part of the room where the crown lay, and with some difficulty put it on his head. The phantom then traversed the room a little while; with some labour and pains he discharged his head of its heavy burden, and having assigned the crown to its proper seat, vanished as an apparition before the eyes of mortal men.

——— " 'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

While the distinguished foreigners were wrapt in surprise and astonishment by the unaccountable manner in which

this last person disappeared ; for he seemed to undergo some extraordinary transmutation, that in an instant left upon their minds no other impression than the dreamer has of a phantom in a dream ; the Monk waved his wand, the lights vanished, and images of the Ambassador and his friends were formed on the distant curtain, having all the similitude one thing could have of another.

“ The illusions of darkness,” said the Monk, “ are but verifications of my power, to elucidate the sealed response which I gave to his Excellency. If I shew you the living, and ye be not satisfied, I shall conjure from their tombs the ghosts of departed men of your Isle.” As he spoke this, the lamp was perfectly enveloped in its opaque shade, and the total darkness of the place was only interrupted by flashes of lightning, succeeded by peals of thunder. Then there seemed to walk on the remote wall,

painted figures, moulded in relieve, of the kings of England, from William the Conqueror to Richard the Third. The Black Prince appeared in complete armour, with his squire and steed, in all its housings and war-gear. " These," said the magician, as the Third Richard disappeared, " these are all subject to my power in this place, and even forms more hideous and terrific than the imagination of my spectators ever fancied. Our vouchers now are ended—*Mars, Mercur, I have explained ; and now for Minerva, Virgo, Vulpes, Leo, Nullus.*"

The room was once more restored to the full blaze of many lights, and the door at the further end opening, a lady, in mourning attire, of a sad countenance, and much gravity, with a book in her hand, entered before the spectators. She walked demurely to the upper end of the chamber, put the crown upon her head, and then stepped a

few paces up and down with much sadness, and evidently discontented by her looks. She then repaired to the table where the other apparitions had put down the crown, and there also she deposited it, vanishing like her predecessors.

The next in order that appeared was a young lady, clothed in stately apparel, and wearing a countenance both cheerful and lively. She advanced to the upper end of the room, and there with much cheerfulness put the crown upon her head, and afterwards, for a pretty space of time, with much majesty and state, passed up and down the apartment, and then gently left the crown in the place she received it, vanishing instantly out of sight.

The room all of a sudden became dark again, the hanging lamp rose into its conical covering, and, on the further wall, there appeared, first, the word

Alecto, in crimson colour, and that of *Virgo*, in silvery white, with some drops of blood, as it were, sullyng the three first letters. When the spectators had looked on these phantasmagorical illusions for a moment, the lights were restored ; the door opened as before,

And there advanced immediately into the centre of the room, another apparition in the dress of a huntsman, with a horn by his side, in rich green apparel. He no sooner espied the crown, than, without any ceremony, he put it upon his head, and, with much carelessness, walked many times up and down the chamber ; but at last repaired to the same place where the rest had disposed of the glittering bauble, and there quietly left it.

“ Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.”

The huntsman had no sooner "strutted his hour upon the stage," and "vanished into airy nothing," than a fierce young man, active and nimble, entered into the chamber, and made great haste to the upper end where the crown lay, which he snatched up in great eagerness, and, putting it on his head, made many nimble turnings from one end of the room to the other. But when it was expected that he should, in gentlewise, lay down the crown, as all the rest had done before him, behold! both he and the crown vanished out of sight, and appeared no more, to the great wonderment and fear of the Ambassador and the English gentlemen then present.

His Excellency now besought the Monk to explain this strange phenomenon; but the conjuror declared, that as he had neither in the words of the response, nor in the apparitions that elucidated those words, expressed more or

less than the truth, he must leave to time all further explanation of his sense and meaning.

“ Princes have but their titles for their glories,
And outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of endless cares :
So that, between their titles and low name,
There’s nothing differs but the outward fame.”

The story we have now given was very popular in England when Lilly made up his Collection of Ancient and Modern Prophecies in 1640. That curious writer goes even so far as to say, that he had, twenty years before, heard the Roman priests much speak of it, and he believes that the foreknowledge of it was a strong inducement, in the reign of King Charles the First, to go on with “activenesse against Protestantisme, as for some years they have done.”

The vision of the green king is also alluded to by Osborne in his "Traditional Memoires;" so that whether the Ambassador of Henry the Seventh was merely imposed on by a second Friar Bacon, and an optical illusion resembling our modern phantasmagoria; the popularity of the vision in the seventeenth century, its application to the second of the Stuart line on the English throne, the interpretation of *Nullus* by the Commonwealth under that great and bad man, Oliver Cromwell, gave the Latin Hexameter an importance which we cannot assign it. A striking but unfavourable likeness of James the First appeared in print, bearing, below the engraving, the response of the Italian Monk, after that monarch's decease. And the cavaliers who perused the picture at the time of the restoration, instead of insisting that the prophecy was confuted by the accession of Charles II.

endeavoured to give it a different turn, owing to his Majesty reigning for a year before his coronation, as if, during that space, he had been, as it were, a king and no king. But these were days of superstition, when the catholics, who believe in transubstantiation and in the efficacy of prayers to saints, were pronounced heathenish idolators; when protestants, who would not believe, without evidence, in prophecies said to be uttered by divine inspiration, and in miracles that ran counter to the usual course of nature since the days of the apostles, were pronounced by the catholics, heretics and pagans. Witchcraft, magic, apparitions, the declaration of the will of Heaven by omens, the fortunes of individuals affected by things indifferent in themselves, as for example, the illusions of the Italian Monk, or by things deemed lucky or unlucky; and that diseases could be cured by words,

charms, and incantations; these, all these, were popularly believed by people who thought it false and irrational to suppose there ever was on earth a race of men who walked on one leg, and had their eyes in their breast; or that there were giants ninety feet high; yet their credulity—superstition, if the reader will, was not, probably, greater than Josephus's, the Jewish historian, who relates, that he saw a certain Jew, named Eleazar, draw the devil out of an old woman's nostrils, by the application of Solomon's seal to her nose, in the presence of the Emperor Vespasian. Even Socrates believed that he was guided by a demon; Lord Bacon believed in witchcraft; Henry IV. one of the most illustrious of monarchs, was very uneasy before his assassination, on account of some prophecies; Sully was kept faithful to his king, because La Brosse predicted that Henry Quatre

would make his fortune; the astrologer Morin directed Cardinal Richelieu's motions in some of his journeys; Cudworth defended prophecies in general; the predictions of Rice Evans were supported by Warburton and Jortin; and Dr. Johnson, "the leviathan of literature," believed in ghosts, hobgoblins, and the second sight!

CHAP. II.

“ The Saxon and the Dane, scourged with sharp steel,
 (So did the Norman Duke) this beauteous land ;
A gentler ruling in this change we feel,
 Our lion comes as meckly as a dove
Not conquering us by hurt but hearty love.”

THE SHEPHERD'S SPRING SONG.

AT the period when Englishmen scanned the prophecy of the Italian Monk, it was the fashion for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanical, to meet in the middle aisle of St. Paul's church by eleven, and walk till twelve; and after dinner from three till six. As it was in Athens of olden time, so was it here in the beginning of the seventeenth century. In regard to the universal commerce of the world, there happened

little that did not arrive in this sacred mart of intellectual exchange.

Young men, in general, resorted to the aisle of St. Paul's, for lack of more advantageous employment, at the period of which we write ; and associated themselves, at those hours, with the choicest company they could pick out. They who were studious, talked of the histories of past times, as great maps of devastation, which shewed, that if one age did not level what another had erected, variety was lost, and no means left to render the present or future generations famous or infamous. The scientific pilgrims who were drawn thither strove to rival the well-wishers to agriculture and commerce, by discoursing on Thomas Tusser's " Five Hundred Pointes of good Husbandrie." and consoling themselves, " it was no way strange that one who could build a 'Change could change a building." And if, perchance, they en-

countered a political disputant—men who in that age were styled “*novelants*,” they would descant on that statute which contains a phillippic against “certain deceitful stuff called ‘logwood, or blockwood,’” whose colours are represented therein as “false and deceitful at home, and discreditable beyond sea.” Others there were who came thither and talked of “marriage as a trap set for flies, ointed at the entrance with a little voluptuousness, under which is contained a draught of deadly wine, more pricking and tedious than the passions it pretends to cure, leaving the patient in little quieter condition in the morning than him that hath over night killed a man to gratify his revenge.” And there were those too who in this asylum of the inquisitive cried up travelling into foreign parts as “the best accomplisher of youth and gentry,” though detected by experi-

ence, in the generality, as the greatest corrupter of our national manners.

Amongst such as were anxious after affairs of state, many came to "Paul's Aisle," not only boldly to weigh the public—but most secret actions of their governors, which some vain or babbling courtier might chance to betray to society. The crowd of these far outnumbered all the rest, for the times were big with important events. The duty of Parliament during the dynasty of the Tudor family, was canvassed with freedom, because the members had been forbidden to meddle with state affairs, the succession and the church. The last they were expressly directed to avoid in every speech, which, during Elizabeth's reign, opened the session. They might, however, direct the tanning of leather, or the milling of cloth; they might attend to the preservation of game, to the

repair of bridges and the highways, and to the punishment of vagabonds and beggars; but the court could do all that was necessary by proclamations, which, without the durability, had, for the time being, all the force of acts of Parliament.

Respecting the Prince who had now arrived in the metropolis of England, this crowd of peripatetic politicians entertained opinions, as various as their hopes, and fears, and prejudices were diversified by family, by fortune and by education.

About nine in the morning of the 24th of March, 1603, "King James of blessed memory," had been proclaimed, and the accession of the family of Stuart to the Throne of England forms at this day, not a more memorable era in the history of Great Britain, than it furnished matter of discourse to the newsmongers of Paul's Aisle. James was the great grandson of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. so that, on the failure

of the male line, his hereditary title remained unquestionable; and Elizabeth with her latest breath had declared that "she wished to be succeeded by her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots." The Crown of England, therefore, passed with as much tranquillity from the family of Tudor to that of Stuart, as it was transmitted from the paternal and well beloved George III. to his illustrious and accomplished son George the Fourth.

On the eventful day when James was proclaimed, people of all ranks seemed to have forgotten their ancient hostilities with Scotland, and their aversion against the dominion of strangers; all were solicitous to testify their satisfaction with louder acclamations than were usual at the accession, even of their native princes. Various were the motives which dictated this passive and joyous submission, but they may all now, in the sober language of history, be resolved into the

advantages which the people of England foresaw would result from a perpetual alliance with Scotland.

In the metropolis of the North, the joy of the people was not less noisy than in that of the South, nor were the Scots less proud in the giving of a king to Britain, than the English were clamorous to welcome him with salutations of loyalty and affection. Numbers of the former prepared to accompany their Prince to the South, and thousands of the latter thronged the road he was to pass through, impatient to see their new monarch, to greet his sight with the splendour of their wealth, to address his ears with the witching tones of adulation, and to invite him to the enjoyment of that ease and pleasure which possessed his imagination, and which invariably distinguished his reign. But James wanted that engaging affability by which Elizabeth had captivated and kept pos-

session of her people's hearts, and though social and familiar among his friends and courtiers in the palace of Holy Rood, he could not bear the fatigue of rendering himself agreeable to the motley multitude who posted to the banks of the Tweed eager for preferment, and endeavouring to endear themselves to the young Monarch by some merit of their own, or to purchase friends to his favour with the gold which lined their purses : —James, we say, though far from disliking flattery, was still fonder of ease, and unwisely issued a proclamation forbidding such tumultuous resort as his English flatterers indulged in ; and thus, at his first entrance on the soil of the people he came to govern, gave occasion for a disadvantageous comparison between his deportment and that of his illustrious predecessor.

And of the topics which, for a length of time afforded matter of confabulation

to the newsmongers of Paul's Aisle, the proclamation in question was paramount because it was most impolitic. Of the critics who scanned this measure, there were two who agreed as to its propriety, but who thereby incurred the most pointed rebuke from a third, who, from his manner, seemed entitled to respect, even if his opinions were neither seasonable nor patriotic.

The two persons who agreed in opinion were both young, and they possessed one advantage in common with their antagonist ; all three had travelled, and the younger of the party was habited in the fashion of the times ; though in regard to their dress there was precisely that difference we see in our own days between a beau and a sensible man, who neither affects singularity for the sake of observation, nor puts on the oddity of eccentricity from an opinion

of the vanity that rules his contemporaries.

The more fashionable of these two young fellows wore a gay taffeta hat, that grew high and narrow towards the top, and was adorned with a ribband, ornamented by goldsmith's work and precious stones. Over the broad brim of this hat a beautiful feather waved gracefully. His hair grew long on both sides of his head, flowing in luxuriant ringlets so low down as to shade his shoulders. On his upper lip a pair of young mustachios curled towards his whiskers ; but his chin was perfectly smooth. In each ear he wore a jewel, an ornament no showy young man could at that time dispense with. His shirt of Holland's finest cloth, was curiously wrought with needle-work of silk, and so ingeniously stitched as to manifest the greatest taste, elegance, and profuse ex-

pence. His ruff was large, double, and stiffened with yellow starch. His jacket was of satin, having a large cap and long close sleeves, ornamented at the wrist, and separated from the body, as it were, by a pair of full epaulettes, that were again crossed by a rich gold cord. This jacket, which was quilted, was buttoned close to the body, but appeared full at the chest where the stuffing was ample, but very proportionate to the wearer's great breadth between the shoulders. His breeches, having partly discarded the cumbersome and burlesque appendage called the *braguette*, ended midway down the thigh, where they were met by damask stockings or hose, the seams of which appeared to be set by a plumb-line. His cloak was of scarlet, ornamented with silk and gold embroidery, and being gracefully buttoned, or rather tied over his shoulder, gave his

whole person an exceedingly agreeable appearance.

His shoes were of velvet, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with roses of a very high price. The scabbard of his sword was covered also with velvet, the hilt was richly gilt and set off with a brocade knot, and the blade damasked, thus proving its Asiatic origin. This young man's name was Robert Carr.

His companion's dress was in many respects similar, except that it betokened a greater degree of attention to external appearance ; for his hat was of beaver, the most expensive of those days, of French workmanship, with a massy cable-band of goldsmith's work, set thick with a row of precious stones, alternately relieved by small brilliants, the brim being thickly embroidered with gold twist and spangles, and ornamented by a red feather of uncommon richness of

plume. He wore gold spectacles, more for fashion's sake than for necessity ; in either ear hung a diamond of great brilliancy. His hair flowed gracefully over the sides of his head, and his beard terminated with a pique devan. His ruff was large, double and wired. The shirt he wore was made of cambric, a luxury peculiar to the beaux of that period, and the sempstress had spared neither taste nor labour in the making to give it all the elegance which needle-work could confer on it. His jacket of satin, hard quilted, stuffed, bombasted and sewed, bore a large cape, and its sleeves fitted the arms of the wearer as closely as if they had been part and parcel of his natural covering. His breeches were of silk, and like his companion's, descended halfway down the thigh, where they were met by hose of the finest velvet ; and his garters were set thick with costly gems.

These decorations of his limbs were the real galey-gascoyne, cut and raced, to make them gracefully befitting the upper part, and sit smoothly on the lower extremities of the legs. His shoes bore embroidery of gold, roses, and at the toes were at least three inches square. His buckles were of silver finely chased and inlaid with copper gilt. His rapier was long, damasked on the blade, richly gilt on the handle, and lodged in a delicate scabbard, covered with crimson velvet. His tawny yellow doublet which surmounted the whole, was ornamented with silk, and tastefully bedecked with silver embroidery. It was looped on one shoulder and hung easily over the other. This beau was called Master James Hay.

Robert Carr was a young man of a good family in Scotland, and having passed some time in his travels was just arrived in London. His age might be

that of two and twenty years. James Hay had been sometime attached to the Scottish guard of Henry IV. of France ; but he had now come over by the invitation of that Sovereign's Ambassador to " share in the conquest" of king James. Hay's age was somewhat more than Carr's ; but he was not on that account a whit the more accomplished. The person of Carr was thought to be very handsome by the ladies ; his manner was perfectly easy, and he captivated all eyes. Hay's bearing was peculiarly graceful, which may be accounted for from his profession ; and its several points viewed separately or in the aggregate, betokened one that might please the eye of a courtier and engage the attention of a favourite mistress.

The object of these young men was one and the same ; but there was a difference in their previous life which the

reader must now learn. Carr had been formerly a page to king James. That prince however discontinued his twelve pages, (for that was their number originally,) and supplied their places with twelve running footmen, after the fashion of Elizabeth's court,—these youths were clothed according to their rank, and each having received fifty pounds, were thus dismissed the court. To repair the fortune thus lost, young Carr hastened over to France, where he spent all his money, but gained in return a knowledge of the language, and appropriated in his own person the fashions of the people among whom he sojourned. He had hoped to succeed, like many of his countrymen, at the court of a Foreign prince, but he had no friends to introduce him, and his purse was too light to gain any by the easy channel which gold opens among the ambitious but needy parasites that surround a court.

Seeing every hope of expectation vanish abroad, and that the accession of his former master to the Throne of England might offer him some chance of success, he came over to Britain again and from the bounty of an exiled nobleman was furnished with means sufficiently ample to appear in public as a dandy of the seventeenth century.

The third person whom we have alluded to, was Thomas Overbury, son of Nicholas Overbury, of Burton-upon-the-Hill, in Gloucestershire. He had been educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and completed his studies in the Middle Temple, of which his father was a bencher. Having procured some favour at court during the late reign, he obtained a license to travel, and was now returned to prosecute his profession of the law, as the surest road to obtain distinction and power.

Overbury was older than either of

the other two gentlemen, whom we have introduced ; he seemed less anxious to adopt the fashions of the times, and his dress bespoke more of antique costume than was befitting his rank in society. But he obviously acted on the precedent of his profession, which in those times bade no act of his life be unworthy the gravity of his appearance.

The conversation of this trio of travellers, we have said, turned upon the proclamation which king James had issued, prohibiting his English subjects from expressing their joy in a tumultuous manner. Carr and Hay approved of what the King did ; but Overbury did not, and with much freedom of speech censured both the folly of the people and the impolicy of their prince—Overbury hinted in conversation that his opinion was that of the friends also of the king and country.

“ And,” said he, “ it is told that a dispute ran high at York, whether the Earl of Cumberland should bear the sword before king James. But ’tis well the King has kept her late Majesty’s ministers in place, for four such men as Sir Thomas Egerton, my Lord Chancellor ; Thomas Lord Buckhurst, my Lord Treasurer ; Charles Earl of Nottingham, my Lord Admiral ; and Sir Robert Cecil, Principal Secretary of State, you will not meet in an age—the meanest of them is capable of sitting at the helm of any kingdom.”

“ But the Earls of Northumberland and Cumberland, the Lord Thomas Howard, and the Lord Henry Howard ; the one the son, and the other the brother of the late Duke of Norfolk, who had suffered so much, that at last he suffered for the Queen’s mother,” said James Hay ; “ count ye these not a wise addition ? ”

“Doubtless I do,” replied Overbury ;
“but the king should have paused before
he created and distributed the meaner
order of knighthood so very plentifully
on his progress—I speak not that I in-
vent ; I but repeat the sayings of men.
There, at Theobalds he hath made
twenty-eight-baronets. And now the
marvel is that a king who is no ways
inclined to war should have so many
milites. Yet in my poor opinion, I do
think it fit that a new prince should have
a vent to the passage of honour, which
during Elizabeth’s reign had been so
stopped, that scarce any county in Eng-
land had knights enow to make up a
jury. But see, there goes Sir Walter
Raleigh, a rare spirit in these times—I
must speak with him.”

The reader need not be told that this
extraordinary man suggested the first
idea of the colonies which England
possessed in North America : but his

original destination was the profession of the law. He had greatly improved himself in the inns of court, but his reputation was of a mixed character, derived partly from the sword and partly from the gown. He served as a volunteer under the Generals Norris and Grey in Ireland, as also in the low countries. The late Queen admired him for both the qualities we have noticed; but the courtiers of her latter days opposed him indirectly; and though he was sometimes called to the council, the oath had never been imposed upon him. The opposition he met with, made him “wisely decline himself out of the court-road, and then you found him not but by fame—in voyages to the West Indies, Guiana, New Plantations, Virginia and some expeditions against the Spaniards.”

As early as the year 1586 he had attempted a settlement in America, now

known by the name of North Carolina; he had recently returned from his voyage to Guiana in South America, and sustained a very considerable part in the politics which agitated the closing years of Elizabeth's reign. This accomplished but extravagant and unfortunate gentleman, had, as is well known, after his return from Guiana, borne a command in the expedition under Essex, when it was proposed to attack Corunna during the Spanish war. Essex, ever ambitious of military fame, was delayed by adverse winds so long on his voyage, that the provisions of his fleet failed, and a part of the ships sailed for the Azores. Raleigh arrived first, and, not waiting for his commander, attacked and made himself master of Fayal. This displeased Essex so much, that had not Howard interposed, a court martial would have sat on Raleigh and his abettors. Soon after the wealthy fleet from the Indies

came in sight, but the greater part escaped through the inexperience of Essex in maritime manœuvres. The prizes, however, which were taken, amply reimbursed the costs of the expedition, though the unhappy difference to which it gave rise between Essex and Raleigh laid the foundation of a mortal antipathy, that was extinguished only in death.

To Sir Walter Raleigh, Carr, Hay, and Overbury introduced themselves as persons of their age were wont to make themselves known to their seniors, in the following manner: Overbury, who loved to talk in a loud or upper key, either from a desire to attract attention to his discourse among the idle groups that paced the aisle of St. Paul's, or from a consciousness of his own superiority in knowledge, was discoursing with Carr on a discovery of great use to mariners which had been made the

year before by Captain Gosnold, an expert English seaman, in crossing the Atlantic to North America without deviating to the West Indies, and passing the dangerous Gulph of Florida. Raleigh, who overheard this discourse, listened, perhaps as much from contempt of the opinion that was passed on Gosnold, and the comparisons to which his adventurous voyage led, as from a secret pride to hear his profession extolled by persons ignorant of its practice. Be that as it may, Overbury, to whom the knight's person was not unknown, proceeded to accost him; and from discoursing on navigation these four gentlemen soon fell into that which was the common topic of conversation, the King's progress to London, and the dissatisfaction created by the proclamation to which we have already alluded.

But this portion of the temporary politics of the day was soon cut short

by the knight, who entered upon the topic of the Spanish faction, and especially the peace which he deprecated as unwise and unseasonable. In the course of conversation he dropped some hints of that dark treason for which he was afterwards tried in the early part of James's reign, and over which the historians of the times have cast all the obscurity of partiality and prejudice.

Raleigh, however, was guarded in all he said, and spoke respectfully of the King, though he made very free with the conduct of his Majesty's advisers: Overbury thought he perceived that the knight was cautious solely because he found himself in the company of two young ambitious Scots, and desirous to pry into a matter that might eventually befriend his fortune, he wished for nothing more than an opportunity to converse privately with one Lawrency, who he believed could assist him in this im-

portant affair. He, therefore, wished Sir Walter Raleigh a good morning, and conducted his friends to the chambers he occupied in the Temple.

The topics discussed by the "Paul's Walkers," for such the peripatetics of the aisle were called, furnished matter of deep confabulation to Overbury, Carr, and Hay. Overbury, whose genius far surpassed that of the others, hinted at the possibility of obtaining a clue to lead them through this labyrinth. With this intimation his friends were exceedingly pleased, and it was finally agreed, that Overbury should find out Matthew de Lawrency, with whom he had come over from Holland, and who made no secret to his fellow-traveller that he had corresponded with the Lord Cobham and Count Aremberg, Ambassador extraordinary for the Archduke.

Overbury, with all his freedom of

speech, was true-hearted and loyal; his companions, Carr and Hay, were "rapt, inspired" with devotion to their liege lord, and in the present instance, trusted their zeal would accelerate their advancement to his notice. Their friend, however, thought himself the deeper player of the three, and soon contrived to rid himself of their company, hoping by his own endeavours to divine the plot of which, in the language of a sportsman, he had barely got scent.

CHAP. III.

There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted ; that false villain
Whom I employed, was pre-employed by him :
He has discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.

WINTER'S TALE.

IN the preceding chapter we have made two statements, which it shall be our object in this to *explain* and *illustrate*. In the first place, we have congregated in the aisle of St. Paul's a number of people at a period when the vulgar opinion fixes a plague among the citizens of London. But this direful scourge of the human race was only very partially felt in the early part of the season, and

it was fully a month after the period at which our story begins, that the people of London fled into the country to avoid its pestilential influence. Secondly, in regard to the conspiracy of the Lords Cobham and Grey, and Sir Walter Raleigh, we have undertaken to thread a maze, over which contemporary historians have drawn a dark veil.

As respects the correctness of our statement in reference to the *explanation* implied in our first particular, we beg leave to observe, that the contagion was confined, at first, to the more eastern part of the city. The most crowded part of London extended, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, along the northern side of the Thames towards Cheapside, and, with the exception of Coleman-street and a few straggling buildings, from Lothbury to Bishopsgate-street, and from Bishopsgate-street to the Tower, all was uncovered or

garden ground. East of the Tower there were few buildings; Goodman's-fields were enclosed pasture-grounds; Whitechapel consisted of a few houses only; Houndsditch boasted only a single row of houses opposite to the City walls, and Spital-fields, from the back of the church, lay entirely open. In a word, London, in which the plague raged in the latter end of the year 1603, was bounded by an ancient wall, that extended from the Tower along the Minories to Aldgate, and thence, after forming a course to the north-west between Bevis Marks and Camomile-street and Houndsditch, it stretched in a right line through Bishopsgate church-yard into Cripplegate, where it assumed a southern direction, and approached Aldersgate. Its course was then south-west, by the back of Christ Church Hospital, and Old Newgate, from which it ran directly south to Ludgate, passing

close behind the present site of the College of Physicians, Stationers'-court, and the London Coffee-house. From Ludgate the direction was western, by Cock-court to New Bridge-street, where, turning to the south, it ran by the Fleet Brook to a fort on the margin of the Thames. No vestige of that wall now exists, except in the courts between Ludgate-hill and the Broadway, Blackfriars, and in Cripplegate church-yard.

Beyond this wall there were many scattered buildings in various directions, but chiefly on the roads leading from the four principal gates erected by the Romans, and those others constructed in more modern times. Harry the Eighth found London in a great measure resembling a religious rather than a commercial city; but he demolished the monasteries, and, as trade improved, the avenues of the metropolis were opened; yet in the reign of Edward the Sixth,

there were only forty taverns within the jurisdiction of the lord mayor, and three in Westminster. The parishes of St. Giles's and St. Martin's were still in the fields when James ascended the throne of England. Tyburn was two miles out of London then, and the Strand was distinguished as the residence of the principal nobility. Spring-Gardens extended from Cockspur-street to the Treasury, which now occupies the site of the Cockpit and Tilt-yard, opposite to which stood the Palace of Whitehall. Drury-lane, Covent-Garden, High Holborn, Oxford-street, Piccadilly, Pall-Mall, St. James's-street, the Haymarket, were all fields or lanes.

On the southern bank of the Thames, commonly called the, "Surrey side," there were but six or seven houses from Lambeth Palace to the shore opposite to White Friars, where a line of houses with gardens commenced, which were

continued to Winchester House, in Southwark. On the site of the present Christ Church, in Blackfriars-road, stood a theatre, with gardens, laid out for company, and denominated "Paris Gardens." Opposite to Queenhithe, that is to say, at the southern extremity of the cast-metal bridge now crossing the Thames at that place, were Queen Elizabeth's Bear Gardens, being a circular range of buildings, in which that virgin Princess witnessed bull and bear-baitings. London Bridge was encumbered with shops, and resembled a modern bazaar; and Tooley-street was a populous quarter of Southwark. Around Westminster Abbey were numerous crowded buildings; and along the margin of the river, from St. Stephen's chapel towards Ranelagh, there were some indifferent houses. The village of Lambeth had few buildings of note; Chelsea, Hammersmith, Bow, Dulwich,

Hackney, Hampstead, Kensington, Richmond, Hampton Court, and Greenwich, were all villages of some consequence in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and to these and other retired spots the more wealthy citizens of London retired when the contagion of the plague rendered their town residence both precarious and disagreeable.

The lawyers in the Temple were under little apprehension, and those who resided west of Temple-bar considered themselves tolerably safe. Overbury ranked among the former, his two friends among the latter. Their lodgings were in a private family house in St. Martin's in the fields, and here also Raleigh for the present lived with his friend Lord Cobham, whose delightful residence of Durham-house has transmitted its name to a miserable lane leading down to the subterraneous mansions of the Adelphi. Thus much for explanation ; and now,

to complete our illustration, we shall detain the reader but a very short space. But in furtherance thereof we must introduce Master Thomas Overbury.

This gentleman, agreeable to the plan formed between him, Carr, and Hay, proceeded to the residence of Lawrency, whom he found in close debate with Captain Kemish, the bosom friend of Sir Walter Raleigh. They were, at the moment of Overbury's introduction, discoursing on something respecting the late Earl of Essex, Cecil, and the Earl Northumberland,—for all these names met his ear in a trice. But Kemish dropped his argument on a sudden, nor did he break silence and resume it till Lawrency, perceiving his embarrassment, assured him that “Master Overbury was a gentleman of parts and of honour, free in speech withall, and apt in council, if entrusted.”

Taking courage, therefore, from this

remark, and perceiving also from the last words of Captain Kemish's discourse the chord on which he should strike, Overbury observed, that " Sir Robert Cecil shewed himself a very wise man, in the present conjuncture, by not only reconciling himself to the King, but by securing his Majesty's favour, when, as one of the enemies of Essex, he had the Sovereign's wrath to dread."

" Belike he hath," replied Kemish ; " but I can assure you he is beclouded in the King's favour still ; and much he is hated in England by reason of the fresh bleeding of that universally beloved favourite, the late Earl of Essex."

" If Essex had not been taken off," said Overbury, " think you he would not have vindicated the English freedom, rather than have brought in a stranger, by reviving such ancient privileges as had been pretermitted during the tyrannical reigns of the two last Henries, and which

were in no ways indulged by Elizabeth."

This question seemed to startle the Captain, who very loosely replied, that "no acts of Elizabeth were ever registered so contrary to the grain of her people as the death of this man. But whether this nation be capable of that absolute freedom you allude to, we must leave to the arbitration of time. The diverse titles and disparity of estates in England seem to oppose your idea; only this I am confident of, that no fair capitulation could have disobliged King James, who lays under too many doubts and strong desires to have refused so peaceable an entry as he has found, upon any lawful limitations."

Overbury, who caught the dark insinuation conveyed in this passage, said interrogatively, "And you think that if Essex had remained true to his principles, James might have been saluted on

the Borders, by an army strong enough to have moderated the Scot's conditions, or advanced his own ?”

“ It is the universal opinion,” said Kemish, “ and I need not contradict it, that the Earl's ambition, like the great Earl of Warwick's, was king-making—a desire to bring in King James as his own act. But for the matter of his ambition, it got lopped off with the same axe that beheaded Anne Bulleyn ; I wonder whose carcass that hatchet will next be employed on ?”

“ If the crown were the mistress Essex wooed,” replied Overbury, “ the mediation of her native subjects was a decent go-between ;” adding that “ he understood Essex might have spun out the Irish war, had he not been deceived by his enemies. Nay, if the great families of Ireland could not have furnished him with an army, after the decease of his Mistress, that he might have any men

or money from the Most Catholic King, who would have advanced his designs, or any natural English subject's else that had but opposed the Scottish succession."

"Success in those that wear it," interrupted Kemish, "like aquafortis, expunges all former acts of allegiance and fidelity; and how Essex would have behaved in the company of absolute power, may be safer now to be disputed by us, than at that time experimented by the Queen."

Overbury, who judged he had beaten about the bush long enough, returned to his old ground, and noticed the advancement of Cecil to the ranks of nobility. This turned the Captain's thoughts to the past, and he positively declared "that Essex would have removed Cecil but for the genius of Sir Walter Raleigh. His accusation of the Queen's counselors," added the speaker, "pouring into her ears such tales as were disadvantage-

ous to the true religion and polity of the state, was presumptuous and base. He had no parts to advance him to the saddle of sovereignty. He might have found, by the feelings of parliament, the true pulse of the nation ; there was no probability of raising a distemper from him. Had he unloaded his bosom to Sir Walter when he visited him at the block, we should then have known whether any thing but death had been able to gag a person robbed of a crown."

" But how comes it that Sir Walter, who was so zealous in opposing Essex, did not also go northward with Cecil ?" said Overbury.

" Go north !" ejaculated Kemish ;—
" think you the bearing of my friend paralleleth itself with Cecil's ?—No : Sir Walter hath remained in the capital, the other went to York to worship the Rising Sun. He hath stuck himself to Sir George Hume, and storied privately in his ears such things as hath gained

him entertainment. We shall all be under hatches, I foresee, and never appear above board again, unless our purse, not our wit, raise us. Now shall Cécil come forth, like a giant out of his secret chamber, and disclose to the needy Scot how he may enhance his prerogative by enslaving the nation. But I hope better fortune is prepared for Raleigh than to become the servant of either Cecil, or James's barber, Sir Roger Aston.—But, adieu ! I must to my Lord Cobham's.—Lawrency, you'll not fail."

"One moment," said Overbury : "did not the king intimate to the Lord Cobham and Sir Walter Raleigh, when he heard of their intention to meet him on his progress, that they should spare their labour ?"

"Aye, Sir," rejoined Kemish, in an angry tone. "And your king sent to enlarge the Earl of Southampton at the same time, and appointed him to meet him

on the way. But this hath bred no good blood to those that have been interdicted.

: Adieu, Lawrençy: fail not." And thereupon Captain Kemish walked away.

Overbury now proceeded to examine Lawrençy as to his knowledge of some things hinted at by the Captain, and gained just information enough to make him desirous of acquiring more. In the evening he proceeded to keep his appointment with Carr and Hay; but, in place of meeting them, he received a note which had been forwarded to mine host of the "Mitre," in Cheap, apprising him, that Hay had been summoned to attend at Theobalds, the Marquis de Beaumont, (ambassador from France at London,) and that he had advised Carr to accompany him thither.

"Upon my troth," said Overbury, loud enough to be heard by the landlord, "this looks indeed like hide and seek. These young fellows have got the start

of me ; but this day's work must not be left to the sole arbitration of chance. Landlord, let me have a stoup of claret : I have had disappointment enough to drive me to a double cup of theologicum."

" Cry your pardon, mon cavaliero," said the host ; " drown your disappointment lest it run into excess, your excess become that usurper called despair, your despair that monster ycleped cruelty, your cruelty that deadly and indecent sin which hath neither legality nor pity on earth."

" Bravo, mine host of the Mitre !" said Overbury, pleased with the fellow's effort at wit. " But you are in no haste to drown my disappointment ; am I to have claret or theologicum ?"

" Cry your pardon, my beau cavaliero," said the host ; " your theologicum may be palatable in a jovial hour, at a good churchman's board ; but my claret no

layman ever tasted, and wished for stronger. And, in regard to its compost, my craft is for eighteen gallons of good wine, a quarter of a pound of long pepper, an ounce of saffron, a quarter of an ounce of coriander, and a third of as much honey that is clarified as of your wine."

"But you forget your calomel dromaticus, two ounces," interrupted Overbury: "you no doubt strain the whole through a cloth, and do it into a clean vessel; and thus you thrive with drinking, and grow rich by entertainments. Bring me a taper, I would now smoke."

When the landlord had brought the taper, Overbury enquired what news was stirring.

"For the matter of that," replied the host, "we have news hourly; at one time, of the King, God bless him; at another, of the desolation occasioned about Tower-hill and the Minories by

the pestilence. Mayhap, 'twill nip me, fresh and blooming as I am to-day ; and then there's the people's grief, and their joy—all regretting Essex, rest his soul, and praising Heaven, Raleigh hath been forbidden the court."

To this observation Overbury remarked, " you would not infer Queen Elizabeth had been inconstant to her favourite ?"

" Her affections, *maugre* her professions, were only skin deep. Belike she had no great propensity of forgiveness in her nature, my master ; or why put so many in the way of Heaven for their religion. Sir, I drink your very good health—A plague on all your plagues : we've had the proclamation only of a new king ; that brought us nought save an earnest of some'at ; we looked to the coronation—nothing like a coronation. Sir ; it's meat and drink, Sir, to the city, is your coronation in Westminster ; but

this year, we'll none of it ;—and they say the new Prince is magnificent, bountiful, given to bestow all he has. Well, God bless him, say I : here's his health—and here's Cecil's ; that's my man will convey to the King the nation's wealth in buckets, in his dearness and privacy."

Here mine host of the Mitre made a dead stop, and Overbury remarked that Queen Elizabeth was a thrifty princess, who fed her favourites with dessert spoons—an observation at which the host shook his head, and Overbury proceeded : " Let me have a stoup of braket, landlord."

" Mon beau cavaliero, this claret, of all my artificial stuff, is prime ; doesn't think so ? And, as goes the time, my braket yieldeth to none in the city : but thou shalt taste it anon,"—and entering with the jug, our host proceeded : " To ilk four gallons of good ale, I put me a pint of fine tried honey, and a saucer

full of powder of pepper—I drink your health, Sir, and confusion to the Spaniard.”

But this man's conversation proving in no ways agreeable to Overbury, he left the “Mitre,” and repaired to his chambers, full of anxiety, and tired by exertion. On the morrow, as Overbury sat eating his toast and ale at breakfast, he was surprised by a visit from Lawrence, who, among other matters, hinted to him that Sir Walter Raleigh was that day going to Theobalds, to present the King with a memorial against the peace with Spain.

“And now,” said Overbury, “Senor, let me crave you will put me in your confidence touching this affair of which Captain Kemish spoke? Know you aught of any project to the prejudice of this country, the king, or his ministers? You are a foreigner; and either you shall inform me, or those who can will compel you.”

“Simply, then,” replied the terrified foreigner, “I know, my Lord Cobham and Raleigh have had many conferences; that my Lord Cobham has had interviews with Monseigneur le Compté; and that if you, Monsieur Overbury, should feel disposed to be a party in the plot, you shall reap great advantage.”

“Villain!” exclaimed Overbury, “you shall repent you of this proposal. Meet me to-night by moon-light in the Temple garden, and explain to me all you know of this matter, or expect to-morrow to be stretched on the rack.”

CHAPTER. IV.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

THIS poor wretch Lawrency, who could in one breath talk of treason in a foreign state, and prefer advantage to one of its leige subjects, could equally dissemble in what more immediately concerned himself; and he accordingly promised to meet Overbury in the evening in the Temple Gardens. This appointment Lawrency had no intention of keeping; and to be even with Overbury he hastened to disclose to Sir Robert Cecil, the conspiracy which was then hatching. Cecil who

knew far more of this affair than Lawrency could inform him, yet listened in amazement as the fellow mentioned the names of Lords Cobham and Gréy, Sir Griffin Markham, Masters George Brook, Copley, Watson, and Clark. Sir Robert then demanded if these were all who were implicated?—The informer replied in the negative, and mentioned the names of Sir Walter Raleigh and of Captain Kemish.

“ And now for their speech, Senor Lawrency,” said the secretary Cecil. “ What have you heard them say ?”

“ I have heard the Lord Cobham and Master George Brook speak these words,” said Lawrency, “ that there would never be a good world in England till the king and his cubs were taken away ; and Sir Walter Raleigh hath now a book written against the royal title of the king ;—and moreover the Lord Cobham hath moved Master Brook

to incite the lady Arabella Stuart, to write to the Archduke, the King of Spain, and the Duke of Savoy, to procure them to advance her title."

"Now you must attend me to the Painted Chamber," said Cecil, "and there, before the Lords depose to those matters."

The mention of appearing in the Court of the Star Chamber, frightened Lawrency much more than Overbury's threat, and he used many specious excuses to be kept in the back ground, but none of his evasions would serve the purpose for which they were made.—Cecil had that morning been presented by the King with Raleigh's memorial, drawn up in energetic language, accusing the Secretary of being equally concerned with him in the fall of Essex; nay, vindicating himself and throwing the blame entirely upon the other. At the end of that memorial, Sir Walter

laid open the conduct of Cecil and his father, the Lord Burleigh, in the matter of the Queen of Scots, and, with a singular bitterness of style, he not only vindicated the memory of Queen Elizabeth, but laid the death of that unfortunate Princess chiefly at the door of Cecil and his father, for which he appealed to Davison, then in prison, and the very man that had dispatched the warrant for Mary's execution, contrary to Elizabeth's express command.

Cecil appeared confounded by these charges, but preserving his temper, he " begged to know how Raleigh had dared to approach the King after his Majesty had forbidden him his presence? — Having dismissed him from his office of captain of the Royal Guard ? "

" Nay, man, that I cannot unriddle to you," replied James ; " but the Knight is neglected, and he spits his spite."

On taking leave of the King it was

Cecil's good fortune to be waited on by Lawrency as we have described ; and his sour face beamed with inexpressible joy, when he found that Raleigh was one of the persons implicated in the Lady Arabella's claim.

" Now," thought Cecil with himself, " now my old and staunch friend, that did become mine enemy, is now in my power—I must be brief."—Then raising his voice to Lawrency, " Senor," continued he, " if you confess not all before the Commissioners, you shall be laid on your back, and we'll see if the rack can wring knowledge from your obdurate heart."

This was the second time, to-day, that the poor wretch had been terrified with the name of that infernal engine of tyranny, and his colour entirely forsook him.—He fell on his knees and declared he would discover all, if he were but spared this torture.—The Secretary having ordered a guard to keep Lawrency in

close custody till he was called for, hastened to the King to make known the secret he had gained.

James either was, or pretended to be, horror-struck ; he had, in the mean time that Cecil was absent from him, received a second memorial from Raleigh against peace with Spain ;—but in conclusion the Knight took occasion to avoid hinting at any resentment the King might entertain, as well upon his former as upon his present representation, and, in respectful but confident language, he trusted in the justice of his procedure respecting his first, and on his allegiance to the King concerning his second memorial.

Cecil, however, had now the means, and he lacked not inclination to crush his mighty rival ; and the King, who, though he easily digested the death of his mother, could not be brought heartily to forgive any of Essex's enemies, broke out in violent expressions of rage against

the conspirators, and declared he had heard from another quarter of the disaffection which was abroad; however, he would crush his enemies.

“And from whom might your Majesty learn more than your servant hath now made known?” asked Cecil.

“Count Harlay de Beaumont,” said James, “hath pre-advised me to arrest the Lords Cobham and Grey, Master George Brook, and even Raleigh, who speaks, I hear, loudly of the Lady Arabella’s name.—Nay more, here I’ve a letter from her, which she hath had from the Lord Cobham, exhorting her to put up for my crown.”

Cecil exclaimed, “the Count de Beaumont, marvellous! then his spies are more adept than mine!—Will your Majesty allow me to look at the Lord Cobham’s letter?”

“You may, but my word’s as true as your eyes, in any light,” said James.

Cecil bowed. The King was, however, examining some new hunting-gear, and observed not the obeisance of his minister. We will, therefore, take advantage of the pause thus produced to explain the simple fact of the King's knowledge of this treason before Cecil became acquainted with the direct accusation of Lawrencoy.

The fact, then, was simply this ; Master James Hay, on arriving at Theobalds, lost not a moment in announcing to the French ambassador the news he had gleaned among the *novalants* of Paul's Aisle, and this the Marquis confirmed himself in, that very evening, by means of a spy.—Cecil, who felt chagrined that he had been supplanted in this very important intelligence, no sooner caught the attention of the King, than he requested his Majesty would confer in his presence with the Marquis respecting his knowledge of the treason.

“With all my heart, Robin,” said the King; “let the ambassador be called, I dare say he can speak for himself.”

“But your Majesty,” rejoined Cecil, “will be pleased to recollect my secret correspondence with your Majesty while you were in your kingdom of Scotland;—you must remember that I gave your Highness notice of the diabolical triplicity that met every day at Durham House.”

“True, Robin, true,” replied the King, “but a’ which the best wits of the city could make out, amounted only to sundry suspicions.”

“And they are now verified,” rejoined Cecil, “the cockatrice eggs that were daily and nightly sat upon, are now hatched and have brought forth.—But let the Marquis be called.”

De Beaumont was accordingly called into the King’s presence, and James pe-

remptorily demanded his authority for the intelligence he had communicated.

“ I know some in the kingdom who have certainly a plot against the state,” replied the Ambassador.

“ I expected better from you,” said James; “ pray, Monsieur le Marquis, where is this hatching ?”

“ In Durham House and at Greenwich,” was the reply.

“ Indeed !” exclaimed James, “ if that be the picture-drawer’s shop, why are not my own servants better acquainted than you, Monsieur le Marquis, with the work and the workmen ?” As the King said this, he looked fixedly in Cecil’s face. — “ I am plagued like a woman in travail, till I know what misshapen figure they are drawing,” added his Majesty, obviously alluding to the pranks of wizards, or the conjurations of necromancers, of which

he entertained strong and lively superstitious fears.

“I will make an open passage to you at once,” said Beaumont, “and inform your Highness, without offence, how matters stand.”

“On that point I would hear you,” said the King, “that I may compare it with some parcels of my intelligence.”

“Sir,” said the Marquis, “another would, perhaps, blush when I tell you the heifer I plough with ; but knowing mine innocence, the worst that can happen is to be laughed at. Your Highness has often seen the Count Aremberg ; we are friends because we are foreigners. I have discovered him to be a wanton, and an humble servant of the English beauties, but above all, of one in Lambeth ; a wit she is, and one that must be courted with news and occurrences at home and abroad, as well as with gifts. I have a friend that

bribed her in my name to send me an account of such tidings as her paramour Aremberg brings her ;—this is my dark lanthorn, and I am not ashamed to require a Dalilah to resolve a riddle.”

“ If the devil make her a sinner,” said the King merrily, “ I see you make good use of her sin.”

“ If your Majesty would to the bottom,” continued Beaumont, “ arrest Lawrencey as a priest—or rather Watson—there is his address,” added the ambassador, laying down at the same time a paper inscribed with the names of these two men, and their places of residence.

“ Lawrencey is secure,” said Cecil, “ he has confessed to myself what he knows of this treason, and I have him under guard.”

“ Then,” continued Beaumont, “ do you make out a minute of the heads of all the articles in this complot as I shall dictate, and if they correspond not with the

confessions you may extort from the conspirators, except from Grey and Raleigh, I shall not appear again at court. But for the security of the impeachment, let no two of the parties be produced personally to confront each other ;—all will fail, unless this rule be observed.”

Both James and his secretary approved of the advice of the subtle Frenchman—the minute was drawn—and, without loss of time, orders were issued for the arrest of the Lords Cobham and Grey, as also Brook, Copley, Watson, and Clark.

Beaumont then very delicately apprised his Majesty of the humble instrument by whom he had been induced to pry into this business. James was pleased to hear the Marquis had his intelligence of the “ Paul’s Walkers” from a Scotchman, and a cavalier who had served in the regiment of his countrymen who

guarded the person of Henry Quatre. Moreover, the King desired the Marquis might take an opportunity of introducing James Hay to himself, that he might personally thank him for the service he had rendered his king and country.

CHAPTER V.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betrayed;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politicks;
Of these a gleomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.

* * * * *

They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.

POPE'S TEMPLE OF FAME.

THEOBALDS, the splendid mansion of
Elizabeth, Lord Burleigh, and now the
seat of his second son, Robert Cecil,

Earl of Salisbury, was at this period the residence of the King. For situation, contrivance, building, prospects, and other necessities, to make a complete seat, it gave way to few mansions in England.

To this delightful spot Cecil had contrived to bring the King, in consequence of the plague, which, at the period of his Majesty's arrival in England, prevailed in the metropolis. Upon the evening of the eventful day when James and his secretary had planned the arrest of the conspirators, a grand entertainment was to be given at Theobalds, in honour of the Queen's arrival, and Cecil's surrender of this mansion for the use of the royal family. The affairs of state, which more immediately belonged to Cecil's department, were managed by a plurality. The assistant secretary was Sir Thomas Lake, who had been bred a statesman under Walsingham, in

the former reign. This remarkable personage had obtained the name of Swiftsure, from the circumstance of his ability to indite, write, and discourse, at the same time. His dexterity and dispatch were only rivalled by the solidity of his understanding; so that, from the humble office of being Walsingham's amanuensis, he was promoted to be the Queen's clerk of the signet; and he read French and Latin daily to her, till she could hear no more; for he was reading to Elizabeth when the Countess of Warwick told him that the Queen was departed.

James was captivated with Lake's abilities, and swore that "he was a minister of state fit to serve the greatest prince in Europe;" adding, that "the secretary's place needed him more than he it."

To Sir Thomas Lake the preliminary part of the business referring to the com-

munication of Beaumont was entrusted, as Cecil pretended that he could on no account put off the entertainment which was that day to be given at Theobalds. Lake accordingly proceeded to dispatch his duty, and Cecil entertained the King and his courtiers.

Among the noblemen present was the Earl of Northumberland, whom, of all men except Raleigh, perhaps, the Lord Salisbury most disliked. Accordingly, as the minister and his sovereign were inspecting the preparations for the evening's masque, their discourse ran on the plot so recently discovered. Salisbury observed, that "Durham House was frequented also by Northumberland."

James looked aghast; but the wily secretary turned the conversation by ascribing the visits of Northumberland to Durham House entirely to his "innate giddiness," and the illusion was completed, for James as imperceptibly

broke off the discourse, though, from that moment, his favourable inclinations towards Northumberland were poisoned beyond the relief of any antidote.

The evening came, and with it came the company whom Cecil was to entertain.—Among these was the Lord Henry Howard, to whom the King seemed to pay an unusual degree of attention. With the secret which Beaumont pretended to communicate, the King found Howard perfectly conversant; so at least it appeared—but the truth is that Cecil had contrived to put Lord Henry in possession of the facts he had become acquainted with, that that Lord might follow up his poisoned surmise of Northumberland. Accordingly, in tenderness of zeal and incomparable affection to King James, Lord Howard brought to the royal recollection, the private correspondence which had passed between Cecil and his Majesty; and from

thence observed that it would soon be discovered how much truth that correspondence contained, and with what depth of judgment the conclusions of the writers were drawn.

James, to whom nothing was more agreeable than reference to his own works, instantly dived into this topic, asking the Lord Henry, "if he had heard all the particulars of the triplicate faction of Durham House?"

Lord Henry replied that, "as to Raleigh, his martial spirit would never be quiet," adding, "he is always addicted to Foreign affairs—what said he in a letter to Cecil, urging him to precipitate the death of his rival?"

"Nay, I know not," said James.

"Then you shall," said Howard, taking at the same time from his bosom a letter, which he gave the King; and James read as follows: "For after revenges fear them not; for your own father

was esteemed the contriver of Norfolk's ruin, yet his son followeth your father's, and loveth him. Humours of men succeed not, but grow by occasions and accidents of time and power. Somerset made no revenge on the Duke of Northumberland's heirs. Northumberland, that now is, thinks not of Hatton's issue. Kelloway lives, that murdered the brother of Horsey; and Horsey let him go by all his life-time. I could name you a thousand of those; and therefore after fears are but prophecies, or rather conjectures from causes remote—look to the present and you do wisely. His son shall be the youngest earl of England but one, and if his father be now kept down, William Cecil shall be able to keep as many men at his heels as he, and more too. He may also match in a better house than his, and so that fear is not worth the fearing. But if the father continue, he will be able to break

the branches, and pull up the tree, root and all. Lose not your advantages; if you do, I read your destiny:—Raleigh.”

James was horror-struck on the perusal of this epistle; and his resentment seemed for a moment dealt out equally upon Cecil and Raleigh; but Lord Henry Howard was a man of far more talent than King James; and to his address at this moment may be referred the issue of Raleigh's fate, as well as that of the Earl of Northumberland; and he had besides an advantage with the King, he was one of the most accomplished scholars of his age. Learning in any man had James's affection; in a nobleman it was peculiarly prized by the king. This Lord Henry knew, and crouching much beneath the dignity of his ancestors, either with the intention of serving himself or involving Cecil, who confided entirely in him, he directed the King's attention from the letter of Raleigh to

the Lord Cobham, and the Earl of Northumberland.

“ May I ask in humble suit,” said the Lord Henry Howard, “ what pledge my Sire holds of Northumberland’s allegiance?—If the leiger Ambassador speak truly, all must be corroborated that Cecil feared.—Your Majesty knows your Secretary would give Northumberland no audience, in his advices, relating to your Majesty’s arrival in England, because he was either idle in conversation, dangerous in his acquaintance, or bent to no particular ends.”

The King stared, as Howard poured into his ears the poison prepared by Cecil, and at length he said, “ why, Harry Howard, this all agreeth with the ranting protestations of Northumberland, who in all places vapoured, as I am told by Robin Carey, he would bring me in by the sword.—But I think

he stopped their mouths that desired, in regard to the known feud between the nations, I might be obliged to articles, for I'm no that ignorant of the complots afore my arrival."

"The man is beloved by none," said Howard, "followed by none, trusted by no one nobleman or gentleman of quality within the land beside his faction, no not by the gentlemen or peasants of his own country, in respect of his vexation and sport; and the Queen did shortly before her death, say, that Raleigh had made him as odious as himself, because he would be singular; and such, continued her Majesty, were not to be trusted by princes of sound policy. There is no secret which he revealeth not to all his own men, which Cecil would have your Majesty to know, as from me, lest he should hold Cecil as an accuser of a man that reposeth trust; though the cause thereof be not an elec-

tion of worth, as he says, but provision for security."

But at this instant, the discourse of the courtier was interrupted by the approach of the Marquis Beaumont, accompanied by an exceedingly elegant and fashionably dressed young gentleman. The King advanced a step to meet, as it were, the Ambassador, who made his obeisance as an all accomplished gentleman; and announced to the Sovereign, with what prompt obedience he had fulfilled his royal commands. Then turning, he took James Hay by the hand, and begged permission to introduce him to his King, as a faithful and dutiful subject.—The King gazed on the young man for the space of half a minute, during which time he took several surveys of his person, glancing alternately in the face of Beaumont, and Lord Henry Howard.—The King's scrutiny was as brief as our description, and his

open declaration, that, " he and his family, and the English nation were indebted to those who had circumvented the traitors," caught the ear of Lord Henry Howard ; who, astonished at this speech, awaited in breathless silence what was to follow. But in this he was disappointed, for his Majesty, bidding James Hay attend him, walked into an inner apartment, leaving de Beaumont and Lord Henry Howard to finish a debate into which he led them.

Lord Henry Howard felt umbrage that a young man and a stranger should attract the King's attention so suddenly and so powerfully, and he begged to know from the Marquis, who that gay cavaliero was? De Beaumont soon informed his Lordship, and the latter felt not a little piqued when he saw King James return, leaning upon the arm of young Hay. Determined, however, to be even with the King, he

availed himself of a fair dame's salutation of her fan, and withdrew from the focus of royalty, to which all eyes were directed.

The king was not insensible that he had been the cause of the English nobleman's chagrin, but he resolved to make amends for it, and with that design he advanced towards Lord Thomas Howard, with whom he entered into close conference ; and forthwith expressed the great obligations he was under to those noblemen and gentlemen who had discovered the plot of the conspirators ; for it was an ingredient in his political beverage to make it the more palatable to the English nobility, that no words could express his Majesty's sense of obligation to his courtiers, while to the whole nation he could descant boldly, and without any such allusion, upon the royal preroga-

tive; and the duty of Parliament, being the "supply of money" for his pleasures, more than the redress of the people's wrongs.

Lord Thomas Howard had got his clue from his relative Lord Henry, and without any ceremony he also administered what yet remained of the draught which Cecil had prepared for the destruction of the Earl of Northumberland.—"There is no secret," said Lord Thomas, "which Northumberland revealeth not to all his own men.—It is far from me or Cecil to restrain the disposition of King James by advice from giving good assurance unto the great ones of their first approach, and to the meaner sort by messuages; but *ibi ponat obicem*, comparing the danger with the debility, the likelihood of discovery with the poverty of advertisement."

"Good lord! Thomas," exclaimed the

King; "what every body says must be true—I would as soon trust a black-amoor, and be tormented in the bowels of my own estate with musselmen and heathens, as by the cockatrices hatched in Durham House."

"If your Majesty hold in this temper you win ground," added Lord Thomas; "for I protest to God, nothing vexeth Cecil so much as trust imparted above merit to men that are miscreet and indiscreet; weakening the wall sometimes more in a day, by mining under-ground, among his fellow pioneers, by giddiness, than we can devise to repair in a year by discretion."

"Hear me, Thomas," said the King; "Northumberland hath been admitted to our presence, and we cannot dismiss him without good and sufficient cause; albeit, all you say is cause enough, yet we will not trust him, and it must be for Cecil and you, and the Lord Henry, and

that wise chield Herbert, and Lake, and Sackville, and Popham, to divine whether I must rump the Earl of Northumberland, and let him take pot's luck with the Lords Grey and Cobham, and the nautical knight Sir Walter Raleigh."

This proposition posed Lord Thomas, who was very agreeably relieved from venturing an opinion, by the approach of Philip Herbert, who was now a great favourite with the King, because he possessed comeliness of person and indefatigable zeal in hunting. One wonders at this day, how a prince, a learned man too, could suffer such a fellow as Philip Herbert about his person. But there is no accounting for the taste of King James in the choice of favourites. Herbert's character was that of Squire Western, choleric, boisterous, illiterate, selfish, absurd, and cowardly. He was now master of the horse, and

therefore entitled to a free table in the royal household. In all places, and on all occasions, Herbert tried to be with the King.

He also, at this moment, came to "gratulate the Lord's anointed on the discovery of the hell-fire crew and their damnable job,"—for in such style did the rude favourite greet his royal master's ears.

James gently repulsed him, but Herbert knew not what the grace of manners was, and added, "I would make hawk's meat of them, young and old. They are in your clutches, like a partridge in the falcon's varvels; what would the falcon do when he had her trussed?—surely plume on her, and at last wring off her head."—So saying, he rudely left the King to make the application; and James, distracted by the various tales which had that day reached his ear, thought there was some truth in the sportsman's figure.

The departure of Herbert afforded room for two new spokesmen to address King James; these were Sir Robert Cary, and Sir Robert Naunton. The former was endeared to James as the bearer of the news of his accession to the Throne of England; and the manner in which Cary accomplished this mission was equally agreeable to the King and fortunate to himself; but he had haunted the rooms of the dying Queen with an interested and cold blooded anxiety, in order to obtain and carry the news of her decease to her successor. This was the more ungentlemanly, because his father, Henry Lord Hounsdon, was related to Queen Elizabeth, by the mother's side. Of this relation, young Cary cared not one straw; the moment the Queen breathed her last, he escaped out of Court by the interest of his brother George, the gates having been shut by order of the Privy Council, and he

reached Edinburgh in three days, notwithstanding a fall from his horse.— At Edinburgh he found the King in Holyrood Palace, and demanding admittance he produced as his credentials, “a blue ring from a fair lady.”

The King looked upon it, without exhibiting the slightest vacillation, and replied, “It is enough, I know by this you are a true messenger.”—Then promising him his protection, the Scot’s King dismissed the young southron for the night. And James was as good as his word; he took every opportunity of testifying his affection for Cary, of whose precipitate departure the Privy Councillors complained loudly.

The King discoursed for a short space with Cary and Naunton; and then turned round to say a pleasant thing to Sir Edward Sackville and the Lord Bruce. From these James moved round to discourse with the Lord Sanquhar, a

countryman of his own, whose courage, talents, and accomplishments, made him at once the grace and ornament of polished society.

While the King discoursed with his lords, baronets, and gentlemen, the Queen was bestowing her royal favours and smiles in an adjacent apartment on the company that flocked round her Majesty.

CHAPTER VI.

Oh! how thou hast with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful!
Why so didst thou: Or seem they grave and
learned?

Why so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
Why so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.

THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

QUEEN Anne was at this period an important personage, and she felt herself encumbered with the state and pageantry of the late sovereign princess; but the poverty of her husband ill af-

fording her the means of gratifying her extravagant desires. James had been disappointed, thwarted, in fact, by the intrigues of Elizabeth, and the princess he set his heart on was, by her father, the King of Denmark, given away to the Duke of Brunswick; yet Anne, the younger, still remained, and to her the royal addresses were paid. The English Queen had tempted James with the Princess Catherine of Bourbon, sister of Henry IV., but in vain, for he was constant to his "ain kind dearie, O." Elizabeth engaged all the Scottish council to oppose the match, but in this, too, she was unsuccessful; for James, with astonishing presence of mind and contrivance, found means to incite the populace of Edinburgh to rise and threaten destruction to the cabinet ministers if they did not send for the Princess Anne. This "sedition" prevailed, and it was honoured with the

name of "loyalty" afterwards. The Earl Marischal sailed with a fleet of ships of war to convoy the red-haired Dane to Scotia; but a storm having driven her into a Norwegian port, James, with a degree of gallantry rarely paralleled, sprung into a vessel, and, setting storms and all the powers of the air at defiance, crossed the German Ocean, completed his marriage, and spent his winter on the Baltic shore in convivial amusement, the court of Denmark munificently supplying his expences.

The character of Queen Anne began to show itself at her coronation. A presbyterian clergyman officiated, instead of a bishop, but the ceremony had nearly been stopped by a dispute between the King and Bruce the minister, concerning "unction;" it was at length agreed, however, not to be a mere Jewish rite, and Anne was crowned in the

Abbey Church of Holyrood House. The poverty of James had been greatly exposed at the baptism of his eldest son, Prince Henry ; all the princes of Europe, except Henry IV. (who owned himself too poor,) sent magnificent presents to the mother and infant, but the gifts of Elizabeth, presented by the Earl of Sussex, surpassed all the others, bating those of the Dutch. Elizabeth sent “ a faire cupboard of silver, over gilt, and cunningly wrought, and some cups of massy gold ;” the Dutchers sent “ twa cups o’ massy gold, and a parchment binding themselves to pay five thousand pounds yearly to the Prince.” Queen Anne loved expensive amusements as much as her husband enjoyed them, and the perpetual gratification of their taste, in this respect, soon melted down Elizabeth’s gifts in the same crucible with those of the Dutch, the King of Denmark, and the Emperor.

One of the most assiduous in the group that this evening surrounded Queen Anne, was the Lord Henry Howard, who had address enough to play on that chord, with which every nerve of her Majesty was in tune. Scotland she had found poor and distressed; at all events her husband had been long a pensioner on the bounty of Elizabeth; and now Queen Anne was the first woman in that land, from whence King James had received much of that money which enabled them to riot in the jollities of their northern court. It is not then marvellous that she should entertain a strong prejudice against the lieges from the northern deserts, who emigrated with James to his newly acquired English Goshen.

“Saw you ever any thing like the frequent and daily resort of these persons,” said the Queen, “both men and women of base sort and condition, and

without any certain trade, calling or dependence, going and coming to court, by sea and land ?”

“ They are but idle rascals and poor miserable bodies,” said the Lord Henry Howard, “ yet your Majesty kens there are mony scandalous imputations given out against them, as if there were no persons of rank, comeliness nor credit within the same ; but then they are suitors.”

“ A plague on all your suitors, my sweet Lord, coming hither to demand their paltry debts frae his Majesty,” said the Queen.

“ If I were the King, Madam, rejoined Lord Henry,” if these loons took not growing timber for their monies, I would hang the half of them on the said trees.”

“ A good thought, my Lord,” exclaimed the Queen, “ and it agrees with

the ancient port of your family.—But can the King sell the woods and forests.”

“Madam, my Lord the King might extract gold out of the very faults of the English.—They denied Elizabeth nothing. Why should your Majesties not be equally well provided for? Were I the Lord Keeper Egerton, or Sir Thomas Sackville, the Lord High Treasurer, I should see whether I could not invent impositions, monopolies, aids, privy-seals, concealments, and pretermitted customs, besides forfeitures upon penal statutes.”

“*Sancta Maria!*” exclaimed Anne, “how you amaze me Lord Harry.—Has the King power to do all that?”

“Has he the will?” asked Howard, “and I warrant the Star Chamber find him power.”

“My Lord, your advice savoureth well,” added the Queen, “and I’ll consider your counsels with the King.”

“Hear the reasons of others pleaded, of the Privy Councillors,” said Howard, “yet your Majesty will not be so implicitly led by their judgments as to neglect a greater of your own. But here comes one who will never drown himself to save another.”—And as Lord Henry spoke this, the Earl of Northumberland approached to pay his respects to the Queen.—That duty done, the noble Earl walked away, observing to himself that “the memory of the money he supplied James with in Scotland, had quite vanished upon the first apparition of the Exchequer of Westminster.”

The Queen had not as yet got her clue with respect to Northumberland; if she had, she made no use of it, but remarked to Lord Henry that the fortune he was spending upon Audley End, would purchase him reproof from envious contemporaries, and censure from self-conceited posterity.”

At this moment Herbert advanced to the Queen, blustering aloud, "sweet Princess, I hope you have reasoned the Lord Harry out of his conceit, that marriage is a clog fastened to the neck of liberty, by the juggling hand of policy?"

"No, indeed," replied the Queen, smiling, "I was reasoning with Howard on another topic. What think you, Herbert, of the Lord Harry changing his opinion on the mass for the Earldom of Northampton?"

"Think, think!" exclaimed Herbert, "that if he gets nothing else by going from one shop to another, he shall gain experience.—But I think if he adds thereto the Earldom of Northampton, he will, without untrussing, have only to pitch the bar twice more to be even with his late brother Norfolk."

"A truce to this," said Queen Anne, "here comes the Lady Suffolk, and with

her the Lord Keeper, Egerton.—My Lord Keeper, do you know that the Lord Henry, there, has found out that his questions in school divinity dull the edge of faith, and therefore, he is going to leave them to the schoolmen?”

“Your Majesty,” interrupted Lord Henry, hastily, “your Majesty takes me at unawares.”

The Lord Keeper, to whom the Queen had addressed herself, gazed on Howard, who was immediately rallied by his niece, the Countess of Suffolk ; and at this instant Anne could have wished all parties silent, for Sir Edward Sackville was coming up to her Majesty’s chair with the lovely Lady Bruce leaning on his arm ; the conversation immediately took another turn, and Lord Henry Howard embraced the opportunity afforded him of a crowded group to walk into another apartment, where he ruminated first on what had passed between

him and the King, next on the dialogue maintained by her Majesty; but neither the reflections he had made on Northumberland's character, nor the pernicious counsel he had tendered respecting the various ways in which the needy monarch might fleece the English nation, gave him one moment's pain; for, being a bachelor and a student, he was the less solicitous to advance himself by court flattery, or his fortune, which was ample, by state employment.—He desired, however, to serve his nephew Lord Thomas Howard, so recently created Earl of Suffolk; and for him he anxiously strove to procure the place of Lord High Treasurer.

It was now, however, approaching the hour when the masque was to commence, and the company forthwith proceeded to make their preparations and to dress for that fascinating and splendid entertainment. Among the masques com-

posed by Ben Jonson, for the entertainment of the court of King James, the one exhibited this evening was the most ingenious and picturesque.

The King and Queen, with the Princes of Wales and Lorrain, and the nobility being entered into the gallery, there was seen nothing but a traverse of white across the room. This was suddenly drawn, discovering a gloomy obscure place, hung all with black silks, and in it only one light, which the genius of the house held, sadly attired, his cornucopia ready to fall out of his hand, his garland drooping on his head, his eyes fixed on the ground, when out of his pensive posture, after some little pause, he broke silence and began to announce the surrender of Theobalds to King James :

Let not your glories darken, to behold
The place and me, her genius here, so sad ;

THE RISE AND FALL OF SOMERSET. 111

Who, by bold rumour, have been lately told,
That I must change the loved Lord I had.
And he, now, in the twilight of sore age,
Begin to seek a habitation new :
And all his fortunes and himself engage
Unto a sect, his fathers never knew :
And I, uncertain what I must endure,
Since all the ends of destiny are obscure.

Mercury now appeared to the desponding genius, accompanied by a boy, representing Good Event, together with the Fatal Sisters, who announced to him

When underneath the roof is seen
The greatest King, the fairest Queen,
With princes, an unmatched pair,
One, hope of all the earth, their heir ;
The other of Lorrain,
Their blood, and sprung from Charlemagne ;
Where all these glories jointly shine,
And fill thee with a heat divine,
And these reflected do beget
A splendid sun, shall never set,
But here shine fixed, to affright
All after hopes of following night.

Then, Genius, is thy period come,
To change thy Lord ; thus fates do doom.

Upon which the involved Genius broke
'forth in the following rapture.

Mourn'd I before? Could I commit a sin
So much 'gainst kind or knowledge, to protract
A joy, to which I should have ravish'd been,
And never shall be happy, till I act?
Vouchsafe fair Queen, my patron's zeal in me;
Who fly with fervour, as my fate commands,
To yield these keys : and wish that you could see
My heart as open to you as my hands.
There might you read my faith, my thoughts.—But
oh !

My joys like waves each other overcome !
And gladness drowns where it begins to flow,
Some greater powers speak out for mine are dumb.

And as the last verse was spoken, the
place was filled with rare and choice
music, to which was heard the following
song, delivered by an excellent voice,
and the burden maintained by the whole
choir.

THE RISE AND FALL OF SOMERSET. 113

SONG.

Oh blessed change !
And not less glad than strange !
Where we, that lose, have won
And for a beam, enjoy a sun,

CHORUS.

So little sparks become great fires,
And high rewards crown low desires.

SONG.

Was ever bliss
More full or clear than this !
The present month of May
Ne'er looked so fresh as doth this day.

CHORUS.

So gentle winds breed happy springs,
And duty thrives by breath of Kings.

Thus was Theobalds surrendered by
Cecil to his Master King James. " But
your Majesty," said Cecil, as the cere-
mony closed, " will enlarge the park

with such parcels of lands as are neighbouring, wall it, and store it with red deer."

"Right, Robin," replied James, "and I will glory in this work as much as my predecessors in the conquest of France."

"And I," said Cecil aside, "I shall now have my revenge on those yeomen who would not sell me, the son of Lord Burleigh, their acres of land.—Oh! your Majesty, it will be enough for me to build my nest at Hatfield, while your Highness enjoys Theobalds for fifty years purchase."

CHAPTER VII.

“This conspiracy of Sir Walter Raleigh is variously represented by the historians of that time, but acknowledged by all of them to have been a riddle of state.”

BISHOP KENNETT.

“In the beginning of the King’s reign, this gentleman, with others, was arraigned and condemned for treason; ’twas a dark kind of treason, and the veil is still upon it. The King had ground enough to shew mercy, which some of that condemned party obtained.”

RUSHWORTH’S HIS. COLL. ED. 1659.

To frustrate the designs of the conspirators, and bring them to condign punishment, Lake proceeded in the execution of his duty with all reasonable zeal. He caused Copley to be first apprehended, whom Lawrency pointed at as an active hand in devising mischief,

From Copley the joint Secretary of State learned of the project to surprise the King's person, at least so Mr. Secretary reported. The actors in this capture were to be headed by the Lord Grey; and it was already known, as we have mentioned, that he and Raleigh had met repeatedly at Lord Cobham's. Cecil, being informed of all these things, judged it advisable, therefore, to recommend the King to remove to Windsor, for the greater security of his Majesty's sacred person, and thither Raleigh was invited also. Believing no harm was intended him, he went there; and Mr. Secretary sent him not thence till he was put upon his trial. The following unfortunate persons were, however, first examined and disposed of according to their respective demerits; viz.

George Brooke, who acknowledged, whether from fear or guilt, that the accusation of Lawrency was founded in

fact, but he spoke little more than his own confession led him, at other times, to excuse or qualify. Once, indeed, he alluded to a letter which he said the King had written to him, wherein he had authority and liberty to deal in the sounding out of those practices of which the whole party were charged ; but the King being, by some of the lords commissioners, questioned withal on that point, required this letter to be produced, denying that he wrote it ; but neither at any time before, or at his arraignment, could Master Brooke shew this letter.

Sir Griffin Markham had been misled, he said, by Watson, who assured him that the King, before his coronation, was not an actual, but a political king ; therefore, if it were treason to believe so, he was guilty ; yet would he acknowledge that Watson had proposed taking the King's person by surprise,

but without the effusion of blood. If that were criminal, he knew not, but he desired to avoid the imputation of traitor for his house and posterity, protesting how careless he was of his own life, and desiring their lordships to be his intercessors, if he were to be sacrificed, that he might die under the axe, and not by the halter.

Sir Edward Parham was also, by that villain Watson, dealt withal, after he had tendered the oath to him, unto this purpose ;—that he understood the Lord Grey meant with forces to set upon the King, and to surprise him, that against that time, whether he would not draw his sword against the Lord Grey with the King's servants and friends ? And, if the King's servants were discomfited, whether, with the rest of the Catholics, he would not encounter the Lord Grey, and, if he could, bring him to the tower for the King's relief and the advance-

ment of the Catholic religion? But in Sir Edward Parham's case there were some favourable circumstances; it being his purpose to rescue the King from the hands of the Lord Grey, had the seizure taken place.

Master Brooksby declared he was drawn in merely by Watson to take the oath we have mentioned, for some of the particulars, as the bringing the King to the tower for the advancement of religion.

Father Clark, a priest, a nimble-tongued fellow, of good speech, more honest in the carriage of the business, and of an excellent wit and memory, boldly and in well beseeeming terms uttering his mind, declared he knew of no treason in the affair, but if he must be sacrificed to state policy, he was not unwilling to die, yet he desired to avoid the imputation of traitor.

Father Watson, another priest, and

the unfortunate wretch who planned this business, spake very absurdly and deceivingly, without grace and utterance, or good delivery ; all which, on a man's trial for treason, are essential. These deficiencies, added to his former villainy, made him the more odious and contemptible to the commissioners ; and they adjudged him unworthy of pity from them, or mercy from the King. They considered Copley a man of a whining speech, but gifted with a shrewd invention, and a stout resolution to admit the charge of traitor : him, therefore, on his own confession, they left to the execution of the law.

All these confessions enabled the commissioners to frame certain general accusations against the pretended delinquents, who were accordingly tried at Winchester for attempting to set the crown on the Lady Arabella's head, and to seize the King ; for devising a tole-

ration in religion, whereby the loyalty of the state might become addled, by a diversity of opinion among her subjects on their duty to mother church; for seeking to procure aid from foreign princes, whereby the religion of those princes might be propagated in Britain, to the great scandal of the Bishops; and, finally, for conspiring to turn the Ins out, and to bring the Outs in at court, whereby all placemen and pensioners, and office-bearers would be greatly injured, and a few resolute men benefited. Of these, the first article is treason, says Sir Hawless, a solicitor-general (Temp. Will. 3); what crimes the rest are is doubtful: and therefore we have reported them in language partaking of their equivocal essence.

And now turn we to the Lords Grey and Cobham. "Brooke," said Secretary Cecil, "has given notice to Lord Cobham of the surprising treason; but with

as much sparingness of a brother as he might ; does my Lord Cobham subscribe to this, or stand upon his justification and his quality ?”

Cobham, in bitter terms, now finding he was caught in Cecil’s clutches, accused his brother George Brooke of deceit, villainy, and treason ;—but the Secretary struck him dumb, by asking him “upon his honour, as a peer, whether he had not used these speeches, ‘that it would never be well, till the King and his cubs were taken away ?’ Being asked further, whether he knew one Lawrence ? he answered affirmatively, and being further required to declare, “if he had not treated with Count Arenberg for six hundred thousand crowns, to the intent, to advance the Lady Arabella to this crown ?” He confessed that “he had a passport to go into Spain, but nothing should be done until he had spoken with Sir Walter Raleigh, for

distribution of the money, among them who were discontented in England."

This poor unfortunate nobleman, now breathed out curses against Raleigh, calling him "villain," "traitor," and all that was bad;—but concluded his accusation, by acknowledging that, "he was afraid of Sir Walter, lest, when he should return with the Spaniard's treasure, he might deliver him to the King, as he had formerly done Essex to Elizabeth."

Lord Grey, on the other hand, argued long and speciously, that the crime charged against him, was only a verbal matter, and never took effect, and therefore, could be no treason; but he had it cast in his teeth, that all projects where copartnery appeared, must necessarily be discussed, *super charta scribenda vel viva voce ab illis loquendis*.

Both these nobleman were put upon their trial; and the Lord Cobham took

the advantage offered him in this predicament, to accuse all his friends, without advancing one excuse for himself, for his own confession was deemed sufficient to condemn him. His peers were not long in deliberating what to judge, and after sentence of condemnation given, he begged a long while for life and favour, alledging his confession as a meritorious act, which, as it would set him even with Heaven, ought to be of some weight with an earthly king.

The Lord Grey, on the other hand, spake quite in another key, first to the Lords, and then to the judges, and lastly to the King's counsel, telling them with great assurance and alacrity, of their charges, his heavy enemies, and his old antagonist (Cecil) ; who was mute before his face, though he spake within very unnobly against him. The peers had some difficulty in coming to a decision, and many of them would have dispensed

with their consciences to have shewn him favour; but at length they pronounced against him, and demanded "whether he had any thing to say, why sentence of death should not be passed upon him?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Lord Grey, and there he paused long, "and yet a word of Tacitus comes in my mind, *Non eadem, omnibus decora*; the house of the Wittons have spent many lives in their princes service, and Grey cannot beg his. God send the King a long and prosperous reign, and to your Lordships all honour."

Unfortunate nobleman! The Lord Steward condemned his manner, terming it Lucifer's pride; the judges preached humiliation, because he disputed with them about obsolete and barbarous laws, and the King's council prayed the Lord that this fiery spirit might not hang

eight and forty hours indifferent betwixt mercy and justice.

Though last, not least, was brought before the commissioners, the gallant Raleigh.

The indictment charged him with going about to deprive the King of his Government; to raise sedition within the realm; to alter religion, to bring in the Roman superstition, and to procure foreign enemies to invade the kingdom. On these general accusations a heap of particular points were collected, to shew the jury how Sir Walter Raleigh intended to advance the Lady Arabella Stuart to the Throne of England, through the power and wealth of Spain, the Archduke, and the Duke of Savoy; and that after she had obtained the Crown, she should promise to be ruled by Brooke, Cobham, and Raleigh, or by the Spaniard, the Archduke, and the Duke of Savoy, in gene-

ral, and in the contracting of her marriage in particular.

To the indictment, Raleigh pleaded not guilty; of the jury he excepted none, believing them to be all christians, and honest gentlemen; but when he begged to be allowed "to answer to the points particularly as they were delivered," by Sir Edward Coke, the attorney-general, Popham, the Chief Justice replied, "after the King's Learned Counsel have delivered all the evidence, Sir Walter, you may answer particularly to what you will."

Heale, the King's Serjeant, opened the pleadings, by stating the particulars of the indictment, and was followed by the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, who endeavoured to make the jury understand the treason in the main.

"The treason of the bye consisteth," said this learned lawyer, "in these

points ; first, that the Lord Grey, Brooke, Markham, and the rest, intended by force, and in the night, to surprise the King's Court, which was a rebellion in the heart of the realm, yea, in the heart of the heart, in the Court. They intended to take him that is Sovereign, to make him subject to their power, purposing to open the doors with muskets and cavaliers, and to take also the prince and council ; then, under the King's authority, to carry the King to the Tower, and to make a stall of the Admiral. When they had the King there, to extort three things from him ; first, a pardon of all their treasons ; secondly, a toleration of the Roman superstitions ; which their eyes shall sooner fall out, than they shall ever see ; for the King hath spoken these words in the hearing of many—' I will lose the crown and my life, before ever I will alter religion ;' and, thirdly, to

remove counsellors. In the room of the Lord Chancellor, they would have placed one Watson, a priest, absurd in humanity, and ignorant in divinity. Brooke, of whom I shall speak nothing, Lord Treasurer, the great Secretary must be Markham, *oculus patriæ*. A hole must be made in my Lord Chief Justice's coat. Grey must be Earl Marshal, and Master of the Horse, because he would have a table in the court; marry, he would advance the Earl of Worcester to a higher place. All this cannot be done without a multitude; therefore, Watson, the priest, tells a resolute man, that the King was in danger of Puritans and Jesuits; so to bring him blindfold into the action, saying, that the King is no King, till he be crowned, therefore, every man might right his own wrongs. But to whom do you bear malice, to the children?"

"To whom speak you this?" de

manded Sir Walter Raleigh, " you tell me news I never heard of."

" Oh, sir, do I ?" asked the Attorney-General, " I will prove you the most notorious traitor that ever came to the bar. After you have taken away the King, you would alter religion ; as you, Sir Walter Raleigh, have followed them of the bye in imitation ; for I will charge you with the words."

" Your words cannot condemn me," said Raleigh ; " my innocency is my defence. Prove one of these things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriblem traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand, thousand torments."

" Nay, I will prove all," retorted Coke ; " thou art a monster ; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money. Aremberg was no sooner in England, (I charge

thee Raleigh,) but thou incited Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him for money, to bestow on discontented persons, to raise rebellion in the kingdom."

"Let me answer for myself," said Raleigh.

"Thou shalt not," said Coke angrily.

"It concerneth my life," added Raleigh.

"Oh! do I touch you?" ejaculated Coke, in bitter terms of reproach.

"When you have done with this general charge, Mr. Attorney," said Cecil, "do you not mean to let Sir Walter Raleigh answer every particular?"

"Yes, when we deliver the proofs to be read," answered the aspiring barrister.—Then, addressing Raleigh, he said, "I think you meant to make Arabella a titular Queen, of whose title I will speak nothing; but sure, you meant to

make her a stall. Ah! good lady, you could mean her no good."

" You tell me news, Mr. Attorney," said Sir Walter gravely.

" Oh! sir," retorted the other laughingly, " I am the more large, because I know with whom I deal; for we have to deal to day with a man of wit."

" Did I ever speak with this lady?" demanded Raleigh.

" I will track you out before I have done," was the reply of Coke. " Englishmen will not be led by persuasion of words, but they must have books to persuade."

" The book was written by a man of your profession, Mr. Attorney," said Raleigh.

" I would not have you impatient," replied the Attorney-General.

" Methinks you fall out with yourself; I say nothing," said Raleigh coolly.

“ By this book you would persuade men that he is not the lawful King,” retorted. Coke. “ Now let us consider some circumstances. My Lords, you know my Lord Cobham (for whom we all lament and rejoice ; lament in that his house, which hath stood so long unspotted, is now ruinated ; rejoice, in that his treasons are revealed ;) he is neither politician nor sword man ; Raleigh is both, united in the cause with him, and therefore, the cause of his destruction. He must talk with none but Cobham, because, saith he, one witness can never condemn me. Further, you sent to him, by your trusty Francis Kemish, that one witness could not condemn ; and, therefore, bade his Lordship be of good courage. Came this out of Cobham’s quiver ? No ; but out of Raleigh’s machiavelian and devilish policy.”

“ I will wash my hands of the indict-

ment, and die a true man to my King," said Raleigh.

"You are the absolutest traitor that ever was," answered Coke bitterly.

"Your phrases will not prove," retorted Raleigh mildly.

"You, my masters of the jury," said Coke, "respect not the wickedness and hatred of the man ; respect his cause ; if he be guilty, I know you will have care of it, for the preservation of the King, the continuance of the gospel, and the good of us all."

"I do not hear yet," said Raleigh, "that you have spoken one word against me ; here is no treason of mine done. If my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me ?"

"All that he did, was done by thy instigation, thou viper ; for I know thee, thou traitor !" said Coke,* with great as-

* Shakespeare availed himself of this intemperate style of the Attorney-General, in the person of Sir

perity, resolved to brow beat and insult the prisoner, in the prospect of thwarting him in his defence.

“ It becometh not a man of quality and virtue to call me such,” was the mild observation of the brave Raleigh ; “ but I take comfort in it, it is all you can do.”

“ Have I angered you ?” asked Coke sarcastically.

“ I am in no case to be angry ;” replied Raleigh.

The lord chief justice Popham at this part of the debate threw in a word of advice and encouragement, saying, “ Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Attorney-General speaketh out of the zeal of his duty for the service of the King, and you for your life, be valiant on both sides.”

Toby, in “ Twelfth Night.” Sir Toby, as the reader knows, in giving directions to Sir Andrew for his challenge to Viola, says, “ If thou *thou'st* him some thrice it may not be amiss.”

The Attorney-General then proceeded, not to call witnesses, but to read Lord Cobham's confessional examination, charging Raleigh with plots and invasions, of the particulars whereof his Lordship could give no account, though Raleigh and he had conferred of them.

“ Let me see the accusation,” said Raleigh ; “ this is absolutely all the evidence that can be brought against me ; poor shifts ! You, gentlemen of the jury, I pray you understand this. This is that which must either condemn, or give me life ; which must free me, or send my wife and children to beg their bread about the streets. This is that must prove me a notorious traitor or a true subject of my king. Let me see my accusations, that I may make my answer.”

“ I did read it,” said the clerk of the court ; “ and shewed you all the examinations.”

Raleigh then proceeded to show the jury that he could not be in league with Cobham in this treason, protesting, at the same time, that he never heard one word about the Lady Arabella before he was arrested, and ridiculed the idea of the Spaniard's distributing any money among the English.

The second examination of Cobham was then read to the prisoner, and the Lord Chief Justice observed that Cobham, on seeing a letter written to Cecil, said, "O wretch! O traitor!" whereby "I perceived," added the judge; "you had not performed that trust he had reposed in you."

"He is a passionate man," said Raleigh; "he hath not spared his best friends in his anger. Methinks, my lords, when he accuses a man, he should give some account and reason of it. If I had been the plotter, would not I have given Cobham some arguments whereby

to persuade the Spaniard and answer his objections? I knew Westmoreland and Bothwell, men of other understanding than Cobham, were ready to beg their bread."

Sir Thomas Fowler, one of the jury, asked, "Did Sir Walter Raleigh write a letter to my Lord Cecil before he was examined, concerning Cobham or not?"

"Yes!" said the Attorney-General Coke.

"I am in great dispute with myself," observed Cecil, "to speak in the case of this gentleman, a former dearness between him and me, tied so firm a knot of his virtues, now broken by a discovery of his imperfections. Sir Walter Raleigh was staid by me at Windsor, upon the first news of Copley, that the King's person should be surprised by my Lord Grey, and Mr. George Brooke: when I found Brooke was in, I suspected Cobham was in, then I doubted Raleigh to

be a partaker. There was a light given to Aremberg, that Lawrency was examined; but, that Raleigh knew that Cobham was examined, is more than I know."

"If my Lord Cobham had trusted me in the main" said Raleigh, "was not I as fit a man to be trusted in the bye?"

Lord Cecil replied to this, saying, "Raleigh did by his letters acquaint us, that my Lord Cobham had sent Lawrency to Aremberg, when he knew not he had any dealings with him."

Lord Henry Howard remarked, "It made for you, if Lawrency had been only acquainted with Cobham and not with you. But you knew his whole estate, and were acquainted with Cobham's practice with Lawrency; and it was known to you before, that Lawrency depended on Aremberg."

The Attorney-General then said that,

“ first, Raleigh protested against the surprising treason ; and, secondly, that he knew not of the matter touching Arabella. I would not charge you, Sir Walter, with a matter of falsehood ; you say you suspected the intelligence, that Cobham had with Aremberg by Lawrenny ? ”

“ I thought it had been no other intelligence,” said Raleigh, “ but such as might be warranted.”

The counsellor Coke replied, “ Cobham would not accuse you out of passion ; mark the manner of it :—when he did see that Aremberg was touched, he cried out, ‘ oh ! traitor ! oh ! villain ! now will I confess the whole truth.’ Cobham had told this at least two months before, to his brother Brooke. ‘ You are fools, you are in the bye, Raleigh, and I am on the main ; we mean to take away the King and his cubs ;’ so mark the man-

ner and the matter ; he would not turn the weapon against his own bosom, and accuse himself to accuse you."

" Hath Cobham confessed that ?" demanded Raleigh.

" This is spoken by Mr. Attorney," said the Lord Chief Justice, " to prove that Cobham's speech came not out of passion."

Raleigh then demanded—" Let it be proved that Cobham hath said so."

The Attorney-General replied, saying that " Cobham's speech implied trust between him and Raleigh ; you, Sir Walter, say all these matters, we charge you with, are circumstances. I answer all this accusation in circumstance is true ; and my Lord Cobham's accusation being testified to the Lords, is of as great force as if it had been subscribed. Raleigh saith, my Lords, if the accuser be alive, he must be brought face to face,

to speak, and alledges that there must be two sufficient witnesses brought face to face before the accused."

" You try me by the Spanish inquisition," interrupted Raleigh, " if you proceed by the circumstances without two witnesses."

" This is a treasonable speech," ejaculated the Attorney Coke, looking at the same time to the Lord Chief Justice Popham for approval.—This is treason—treasonable speech."——But the Chief Justice did not thereupon check the prisoner in his defence.

" Good, my Lords," replied Raleigh, in no ways daunted, " let it be proved, either by the laws of the land, or the laws of God, that there ought not to be two witnesses appointed ; yet I will not stand to defend this point in law ; if the King will have it so, it is no rare thing for a man to be falsely accused. It is commanded by the scripture *Allo-*

cutus est Jehova Mosen, in ore duorum aut trium testium, &c. If Christ requireth it, as it appeareth Matthew xviii; if by the Canon law, and God's word, it be required, that there must be two witnesses at the least; bear with me if I desire one. I would not desire to live if I were privy to Cobham's proceedings. I have been a slave, a villain, a fool, if I had endeavoured to set up Arabella Stuart; but urge your proofs."

The Lord Chief Justice Popham replied to the prisoner, "that the statutes on which he claimed two witnesses were repealed, and it sufficeth now if there be proofs, made either under hand, or by the testimony of witnesses, or by oaths; it needs not the subscription of the parties, so there be the hands of credible men to testify the examination."

To this argument Raleigh replied, "that the laws of Edward the Third and Edward the Sixth might be re-

pealed, but their equity was still the same. Proof of the common law is by witness and jury ; let Cobham be here, let him speak it : call my accusers before my face, and I have done."

The learned Attorney-General told the prisoner, "he had read the letter of the law, but understood it not ; here was your anchor-hold and your rendezvous ; you trust to Cobham ; either Cobham must accuse you, or nobody : if he did, then it would not hurt you, because he is but one witness ; if he did not, then you are safe."

Raleigh, with much dignity, looked up and exclaimed, "if ever I read a word of the law of statutes before I was a prisoner in the Tower, God confound me."

"Further," resumed the Attorney-general, in breathless precipitancy,—
"Further, Cobham in his examination saith, nothing could be set down for the

distribution of the money to the discontented without conference with Raleigh."

"All this," retorted the prisoner, "is but an accusation of Cobham's, to which he never subscribed. I beseech you, my lords, let Cobham be sent for—charge him on his soul, on his allegiance to the King; if he affirm it, I am guilty."

Cecil here spoke, saying, "The evidence against you is the accusation of my Lord Cobham; must it not be of force without his subscription? I desire to be resolved by the judges, whether by the law it is not a forcible argument of evidence?" And in making this appeal, the subtle statesman acted agreeably to the advice he had received from the French Ambassador, of not suffering any two of the accused to be confronted either before or upon their trial.

“ My Lord, it is,” said the four judges with great promptitude.

Raleigh coolly observed to them, that “ the king at his coronation is sworn in *omnibus judiciis suis equitatem, non rigorem legis, observare*. By the rigour and cruelty of the law it may be forcible evidence.”

“ This is not the rigour of the law, but the justice of the law,” said the Chief Justice Popham.

“ Oh ! my Lord, you may use equity,” added Raleigh in a firm tone.

“ That is from the King,” retorted the Lord Chief Justice ; “ you are to have justice from us,”—the last word of the sentence receiving a peculiar emphasis to place it in contrast with the official name of the chief magistrate.

“ The law is,” added Lord Anderson, “ if the matter be proved to the jury, they must find you guilty ; for Cob-

ham's accusation is not the only charge against you ; there are other things sufficient."

And Lord Cecil, equal to his father, Lord Burleigh, in talents, and as remorseless in the prosecution of his political advancement, added, "Now that Sir Walter Raleigh is satisfied that Cobham's subscription is not necessary, I pray you, Mr. Attorney, go on."

But Raleigh besought Coke thus:—"Good Mr. Attorney, be patient, give me leave ——"

Whereupon the Lord Cecil exclaimed, "an unnecessary impatience is a hindrance, let him go on with his proofs, and then repel them."

"I would answer particularly," said Raleigh.

"If you would have a table and pen and ink," replied Cecil, "you shall;" and these were accordingly furnished the prisoner.

Coke then proceeded with the examinations of Copley, Watson, Brooke, and Lawrency, and inferred from the confession of Brooke, that as letters had passed between Cobham and Aremberg, for a great sum of money, to assist a second action for the surprising of his Majesty ; and as Raleigh supped with Cobham on the evening of a particular day, when that nobleman visited the Ambassador, therefore now he must be a traitor. "The crown," continued Coke, "shall not stand one year on the head of the King, my master, if a traitor may not be condemned by circumstances : for if A. tells B., and B. tells C., and C. tells D., and so on, you shall never prove treason by two witnesses.

Whether Raleigh found himself hampered at this turn which the argument took, or his spirit failed him, and conscience pricked smartly, we stop not to

Inquire, but according to the commissioners, he tripped sadly in these words: "The Attorney hath made a long narration of Copley, and the Priests, which concerns me nothing, neither know I how Cobham was altered; for he told me if I would agree to further the peace, he would get me eight thousand crowns. I asked him, who shall have the rest of the money? He said I will offer such a nobleman (who was not named) some of the money. I said he will not be persuaded by you, and he will extremely hate you for such a motion. Let me be pinched to death with hot irons, if ever I knew there was any intention to bestow the money on discontented persons. I made a discourse against the peace. If the Priests, if Cobham, if Brooke had any such intent, what is that to me? They must answer for it. He offered me the money

before the arrival of Aremberg ; that is difference of time."

"Raleigh confesseth the matter," ejaculated Serjeant Philips, "but avoideth it by distinguishing of times."

"Allege me any ground or cause," interrupted Lord Henry Howard, but addressing himself to Raleigh, "wherefore you gave ear to my Lord Cobham for receiving pensions, in matters you had not to deal with?"

"Could I stop my Lord Cobham's mouth?" said Raleigh.

"Sir Walter Raleigh presseth," added Cecil, "that my Lord Cobham should be brought face to face. If he asks things of favour and grace, they must come only from him that can give them. If we sit here as Commissioners, how shall we be satisfied whether he ought to be brought, unless we hear the judges speak?"

This was a point-blank question upon a point of law, and the Lord Chief Justice, with great readiness, answered, "This thing cannot be granted, for then a number of treasons should flourish: the accuser may be drawn by practice while he is in person: he may commit himself."—

"And this," said Justice Gawdy, "this is confirmed by the very statute you speak of concerning two witnesses in case of treason; it was found to be inconvenient, therefore by another law it was taken away."

"The common trial of England," said Raleigh, "is by jury and witnesses."

"Oh no!" ejaculated the Chief Justice Popham, "not in all cases;—but by examination: if three conspire a treason, and they all confess it, here is never a witness, yet they are condemned."

And in this opinion coincided Justice

Warburton, who snivelled out, "I marvel, Sir Walter, that you, being of such experience and wit, should stand on this point ; for so many horse-stealers may escape, if they may not be condemned without witnesses."

"I know not how you conceive the law," said Raleigh——

"Nay, we do not conceive the law," said the Lord Chief Justice, interrupting the prisoner ; "we do not conceive the law, but we know the law."

"The wisdom of the law of God is absolute and perfect," said Raleigh. "*Hæc fac et vives*. But now, by the wisdom of the state, the wisdom of the law is uncertain."

"You plead hard for yourself," exclaimed the Chief Justice, "but the laws plead as hard for the King."

"The King desires nothing but the knowledge of the truth," rejoined Ra-

leigh, "and would have no advantage taken by a severity of the law. If there be but a trial of five marks at common law, a witness must be deposed. Good, my Lords, let my accuser come face to face and be deposed."

"You have no law for it," interrupted Popham; "God forbid any man should accuse himself upon his oath!"

"The law presumes a man will not accuse himself to accuse another," added Coke; "and you are an odious man, master Raleigh; for Cobham thinks his cause the worse that you are in it. Brooke said the stirs in Scotland came out of Raleigh's head; note you that, my masters."

"Brooke hath been taught his lesson," observed Raleigh very coolly, looking at the same time towards Lord Henry Howard.

"This examination was taken before,"

said that nobleman; "did I teach him his lesson?"

"I protest, before God, I meant it not by any privy-councillor," said Raleigh, in his own defence, adding, "but, because money is scant, he will juggle on both sides. The way to invade England were to begin with stirs in Scotland?—I think so still—I have said so to many noblemen, to divers lords of the council, by way of discourse and opinion."

"Open confession is good for the soul; now let us come to these words," said Coke, "the destroying of the King and his cubs."

"Oh, barbarous!" exclaimed Raleigh, "if they, like unnatural villains, shall use these words, should I be charged with them; I never plotted against my country; I was never false to the crown of England; I have spent four thousand

pounds against the Spanish faction, for the good of my country. Do you bring the words of those fiends, Clark, Watson, and others, against me?"

"Thou hast a Spanish heart," retorted Coke, whose knowledge of the law was far surpassed by his brutality of speech and tyranny of office, "and thou art thyself a fiend of hell. Watson saith that George Brooke told him twice that his brother, the Lord Cobham, said to him, 'you are but on the bye; Raleigh and I are on the main'—the taking away the life of the King"——

Brooke never loved me," said Raleigh; until I was accused by his brother, he said nothing."

"We have heard nothing that might lead us to think that Brooke accused you," echoed Cecil; "he was only in the surprising treason."

"The book, Raleigh," said Coke impetuously, "the book."

“ The book Cobham took off my table, on which I had laid it when settling my estate to answer a challenge I received from Sir Amias Preston.”

“ Where had you this book ?” inquired Lord Howard.

“ In the old Lord Treasurer’s study, after his death,” replied Raleigh.

“ Did you ever shew, or make known the book to me ?” asked Cecil.

“ No, my lord,” answered Raleigh ; the book was in manuscript.”

“ It was against the King’s title,” said Coke exultingly.

“ It was writ long ago and burned,” said Raleigh ; “ burned by George Brooke, too, without my privity : I protest, before God and all his works, I gave him not this book.”

Coke, at this moment, charged Sir Robert Wroth, one of the jury, with saying that this evidence was not material ; but

Sir Robert denied the imputation: the Attorney-General called upon Serjeant Phillips to testify if he had heard that speech; but Cecil cut the matter short, by declaring, "I will give my word for Sir Robert Wroth;" and the courageous knight himself replied to Coke, "I will speak as truly as you, Mr. Attorney, for by God, I never spake it.

"Wherefore should the book be burned?" demanded the Lord Chief Justice Popham.

"I burned it not," replied Raleigh; "I never read it, commended it, delivered it, nor urged it."

"Why, this is cunning," said Coke, smiling.

"Every thing that doth make for me is cunning," retorted Raleigh, "and every thing that doth make against me is probable."

"Lord Cobham saith, that Kemish

came to him with a letter torn," added Coke, "and did wish him not to be dismayed, for one witness could not hurt him."

"This poor man," said Raleigh in reply, "has been offered the rack to make him confess."

Lord Henry Howard, in great agitation, exclaimed, "Kemish was never on the rack, the King gave charge that no rigour should be used;"—and the other Commissioners, separately, "protested, before God, there was no such matter pretended, to their knowledge."

"Was not the keeper of the rack sent for," asked Raleigh, "and Kemish threatened with it?"

Sir Wm. Wade here took courage, and replied, "When Mr. Solicitor and myself examined Kemish, we told him he deserved the rack, but did not threaten him with it."

“ I am accused,” continued Raleigh, “ concerning the Lady Arabella, concerning money from Spain. My Lord Chief Justice saith, a man may be condemned with one witness ;—yea, without any witness. My Lords ! let Cobham be brought, being alive and in the house ; let him avouch any of these things, I will confess the whole indictment, and renounce the King’s mercy.”

Lord Cecil gravely said in a loud key, “ Let us not scandalize the innocent by confusion of speech ; the Lady Arabella is as innocent of all these things as I, or any man here ; only she received a letter from Cobham to prepare her, which she laughed at, and immediately sent it to the King.”

The Lord Nottingham, who was standing with the Lady Arabella, spoke, saying, “ the Lady doth here protest,

upon her salvation, that she never dealt in any of these things."

"Let me speak for my life," exclaimed Raleigh firmly and with dignity, "it can be no hurt for my Lord Cobham to be brought; he dares not accuse me. If you grant me not this, I am strangely used."

"He is a party," said Coke, "and may not come; the law is against it."

"It is all a toy to tell me of law," said Raleigh scornfully; "I defy such law, I stand on the fact."

"My affection to you, Sir Walter Raleigh," uttered Cecil smoothly, "was not extinguished, but slaked, in regard to your deserts. You know by the law of the land, that my Lord Cobham cannot be brought."

"He may my Lord," said Raleigh sharply.

"But dare you challenge it?" asked Cecil.

"No!" was the reply of Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Let me ask you this," said Cecil, "if my Lord Cobham will say you were the only instigator of him to proceed in the treasons, dare you put yourself on this?"

"If he will speak it before God and the King," said Raleigh with great boldness, "that ever I knew of Arabella's matter, or the money out of Spain, or of the surprising treason; I put myself on it, God's will and the King's be done with me."

"How," ejaculated Lord Henry Howard, "if he speak things equivalent to what you have said?"

"Yes, in the main point," answered Raleigh.

"If he say," asked Cecil warily, "if he say, you have been the instigator of him to deal with the Spanish King,

had not the council cause to draw you thither?"

"I put myself on it," said Raleigh, not a muscle of his frame relaxing, nor his natural colour leaving his face; "I put myself on it;" he added.

"Then," said Lord Cecil, "then Sir Walter, call upon God, and prepare yourself; for I do verily believe my Lords will prove this. Excepting your faults, I call them no worse, by God, I am your friend. The heat and passion in you, and the Attorney's zeal in the King's service, make me speak this."

"The jury hath heard the matter," exclaimed Coke with evident joy; "my Lords, I move the court that Dyer be called in;" and in a short space, to the great satisfaction of the attorney-general, this man appeared, was sworn, and delivered as evidence:—

"That in Lisbon, whither he had

been, he was asked if he were an Englishman, and if the King was crowned?" and answering "no," but he hoped he would shortly; the Portuguese said "he shall never be crowned, for before that day comes, Don Raleigh and Don Cobham will cut his throat."

"And what infer you from this?" asked Raleigh, more amused than confounded by the tale of Dyer.

"That your treason hath wings," replied Coke.

"Consider, gentlemen of the jury," said Raleigh, "there is no cause so doubtful, which the King's counsel cannot make good against the law. Consider my disability and their ability; they prove nothing against me, only they bring the accusation of my Lord Cobham, which he hath lamented and repented, as heartily as if it had been a horrible murder; for he knew that all this sorrow which came to me, came by his means. If you would be

contented, on presumptions, to be delivered up to be slaughtered, to have your wives and children turned into the streets to beg their bread ; if you would be contented to be so judged, judge so of me."

Serjeant Philips replied to this observation, saying, " Raleigh hath no answer but the shadow of as much wit, as the wit of man can devise ; hath used his bare denial ; the denial of a defendant must not move the jury. Cobham's testification against him before the Star Chamber, and since, hath been largely discussed."

" If truth be constant, and constancy be in truth, why hath Cobham forsworn that which he hath said ? You have not proved any one thing against me by direct proofs, but all by circumstances."

This accusation of his persecutor's unfairness seemed to gall the attorney-general, who fiercely demanded " Have you done ?—the King must have the last."

“Nay, Mr. Attorney,” replied Raleigh, “he who pleadeth for his life, must speak last. False repetitions and mistakings must not mar my cause. You should speak *secundum allegata et probata*. I appeal to God and the King in this point, whether Cobham’s accusation be sufficient to condemn me?”

“The King’s safety and your acquittal cannot agree,” exclaimed the attorney-general; “I protest before God, I never heard, nor knew a clearer treason.”

“I never had intelligence with Cobham,” said Raleigh, “never since I came to the Tower.”

“Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the veriest traitor that ever came to a bar,” cried Coke. “Why should you take eight thousand crowns for a peace?”

Even the Secretary of State thought this a little too hard upon Raleigh, for he said with much softness to Coke, “Be

not so impatient good Mr. Attorney, give him leave to speak."

"If I may not be patiently heard," exclaimed the attorney-general, the colour leaving his cheeks, and his lips quivering as he spoke, "If I may not be patiently heard, you will encourage traitors, and discourage us. I am the King's sworn servant, and must speak; if he be guilty, he is a traitor: if not, deliver him." And as he finished these words, he sat down in a chafe, and would speak no more until the commissioners urged and entreated him. After much ado, he went on and made a long narration of all the evidence, for the direction of the jury. At the repeating of some things purely of his own invention, Sir Walter Raleigh interrupted him, saying, "You do me wrong, my master."

Coke did not deign to reply other-

wise, than by saying "Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived."

"You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly," said Raleigh.

To which Coke replied, "I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treasons."

"I think you want words indeed," replied Raleigh, "for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times."

"Thou art an odious fellow," exclaimed Coke, "thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride."

"It will go near to prove a measuring east between you and me, Mr. Attorney," said Raleigh.

"There never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou," retorted Coke, taking at the same time from his pocket a letter from Lord Cobham, wherein he accused Raleigh of having been the origin of his ruin.

“ You have heard a strange tale of a strange man,” said Raleigh, when the attorney-general finished, “ now he thinks he hath matter enough to destroy me ; but the King and all of you shall witness by our deaths, which of us was the ruin of the other. I bid a poor fellow throw in a letter at his window, written to this purpose, ‘ you know you have undone me, now write three lines to justify me !’ In this I will die ; he hath done me wrong.”

The chief Justice Popham, who had preserved an extraordinary silence for some time, now spoke, asking the prisoner : “ But what say you of the letter and the pension of fifteen hundred a year ?”

“ I say that Cobham is a base, dishonourable, poor soul,” answered Raleigh.

“ Is he base ?” retorted Coke, “ I return it in thy throat on his behalf ; but for thee, he had been a good subject.”

The Lord Chief Justice was also of this opinion, for he backed the Attorney-General by declaring to Raleigh, "I perceive you are not so clear a man as you have protested all this while; for you should have discovered these matters to the King."

Raleigh, who had been interrupted when he declared that he had employed a poor fellow to throw a letter in at Lord Cobham's window, asking him to write three lines to justify him, now pulled a letter out of his pocket, which the Lord Cobham had written to him purely justificatory; and, looking Lord Cecil in the face, desired his lordship to read it, because he alone knew Lord Cobham's hand.

Cecil took the letter, acknowledged it to be the writing of Lord Cobham, and read as follows:—"Seeing myself so near my end, for the discharge of my own conscience, and freeing myself

from your blood, which else will cry vengeance against me, I protest upon my salvation, I never practised by Spain, with your procurement; God so comfort me, in this my affliction, as you are a true subject for any thing I know. I will say as Daniel, *Purus sum a sanguine hujus*. So God have mercy upon my soul as I know of no treason by you."

The commissioners looked in each others faces, and appeared chop fallen; the Attorney-General whispered to Serjeant Phillips, re-adjusted his gown, and was preparing to speak, when Raleigh exclaimed.—“ Now I wonder how many souls this poor man hath! He damns one in this letter, and another in that.”

The whole court, judges, commissioners, counsel, and the spectators who were numerous and of noble blood, now seemed much agitated, and to an indifferent person, the prisoner's acquittal

would have been manifest, especially as the Attorney-General closed his case, by alledging that " Lord Cobham's last letter had been politicly and cunningly urged from him, and that the first was simply the truth ;" and lest it should seem doubtful, that the first letter was drawn from Lord Cobham by promise of mercy or hope of favour, the Lord Chief Justice, desirous that the jury might be satisfied therein, demanded a corroboration of this matter ; whereupon the Earl of Devonshire declared that the same was merely voluntary, and not extracted from Lord Cobham upon any hopes of promise or pardon.

This was the last evidence offered ; the prisoner had defended himself, the chief justice had summed up, and a marshal was sworn to keep the jury private. They departed, and staid not a quarter

of an hour, but returned, and gave their verdict *guilty*.*

Serjeant Heale thereupon demanded judgment against the prisoner, and the clerk of the crown addressed him in the usual form ; and asked why judgment and execution of death should not pass against him ?”

“ My Lords,” said Raleigh, unmoved by the judgment of the jury, the demand of Serjeant Heale, and the address of the clerk of the crown—“ My Lords, the jury have found me guilty ; they must do as they are directed. I can say nothing why judgment should not proceed. You see whereof Cobham

* Coke, whose unseemly and outrageous violence in conducting the prosecution against Raleigh, stamps him one of the most infamous tools that ever served the purposes of tyrannic power, no sooner heard the conviction pronounced, than he exclaimed—“ Now shall Jcsus Christ be glorified.”

hath accused me; you remember his protestations that I never was guilty; I desire the King should know the wrongs done unto me since I came hither."

"You have had no wrong, Sir Walter Raleigh," said the Lord Chief Justice.

"Yes, of Mr. Attorney," said Raleigh.

"In my conscience, I am persuaded that Cobham hath accused you truly," said the Lord Chief Justice.

"I submit myself to the King's mercy; which I know is greater than my offence. I recommend my wife and son to his compassion."

The Chief Justice then proceeded to pass the awful sentence of the law against the prisoner, whom he accused, "as a spy of Spain, a man false to his King, a wretch who had been taxed by the world with the most heathenish and blasphemous opinions, whose authors

and maintainers should not be suffered to live in any christian commonwealth."

After saying which, the usual sentence of death was pronounced.

Sir Walter bezought the Earl of Devonshire and the nobles present, to be his suitors to the King that his death might be honourable, and not ignominious; their Lordships promised to do so, and the Chief Justice ordered the prisoner to be immediately removed from the bar.

As soon as the arraignments were passed, his Majesty's Privy Councillors, including the Commissioners, were called before the King, in his privy-chamber at Wilton, where he commanded them, without any respect of persons, to deliver the true narration only; of the order of the trial, of the nature and degree of their offences, as had appeared in every one of them, by their general answers. The King heard all with much apparent

gravity, and put on such repulsive reservedness, that none of those who were about his royal person ventured to mediate for any, or so much as to inquire what should be the conclusion of this proceeding. With that secret and orderly carriage, whereof his Majesty was careful to prevent all suspicion, he signed the warrants for the execution of the priests, and Master George Brooke, and also for the execution of the Lords Cobham and Grey, and Sir Griffin Markham, Knight, with particular directions to the Sheriff to perform it on the Friday after, before ten o'clock in the morning.

James, however, seemed satisfied with the immolating of the priests and Brooke, for without asking any person, it pleased him to resolve that the execution of the Lords Grey and Cobham, and Sir Griffin Markham, should be staid even at the moment when the axe should have

decided their doom. The manner in which his Majesty went about this, showed both foresight and discretion. The warrant to countermand the execution was given to an obscure person, that the bystanders should not observe any alteration, nor the delinquents themselves have any suspicion of such a man's being there at that time. For James wished the prisoners, when brought upon the scaffold, might quietly breathe forth their last words, and true confession of their most secret conscience.

“ Now,” said the King to this messenger, “ thou hast never dealt wi’ ony councillor, or business, and Johnny Gibb thou ’st now just come up frae our ain country, and art not mickle known. Thou must go to Winchester secretly on Thursday, and take wi’ thee this warrant to keep the heads on the bodies o’ these loons, Cobham, Grey, and Markham.—Ye must lye this night

at Salisbury on private business o' your ain, and there keep yourself quiet, and next morning go to Winchester. On Friday morning ye sall rise early, and gang obscurely to the Castle Green, where the people will be flocking in a' the morning. At the same time you'll draw near, put yourself in amang the thrang, close by the scaffold, and there bide till the Sheriff bring up Sir Griffin Markham to the place, for he is the man appointed first to die.—Then Gibby, my man, thou must let the sumph end his prayer, and make himself ready to kneel down, then thou 'lt find it the fit time while the axe is preparing, to call to the Sheriff Tichbourne, and deliver to him my warrant.—Tell him, Gibby, to say to the prisoner, that he is to return into the Hall, to be there confronted wi' the two Lords; so he's disposed of. Then observe me, Gibby, bid the Sheriff bring Grey and Cobham on

the scaffold, likewise, and let the fools say their prayers, and make their last confessions, as they would answer upon their souls ; and when the gouk Grey is ready to kneel down and receive the stroke of death, tell master Sheriff to take him down for a while into the Hall. And the same being done, wi' the Lord Cobham when he is ready to kneel down and receive the stroke of the axe, the other two prisoners will be brought out of the Hall, and thou 'll be carefu' the Sheriff then cause our royal mercy to be publicly read to the world.—Go Gibby, go—be faithfu', and I'll serve thee."

John Gibb went accordingly, and executed to the letter the elaborate commands of his King, so that " the scene of that day seemed rather a well acted comedy out of ancient history, than the lively figures of justice and mercy in a Sovereign, of terror and

penitence in offenders, and of so great admiration and applause in the numerous spectators who were present, as appeared in this action, carried only and wholly by his Majesty's own direction."

CHAP. VIII.

I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not choose to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman; I would, if possible, represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of pleasure may read me.

THE GUARDIAN, NO. 17.

IN every thing relative to Sir Walter Raleigh's conspiracy, Overbury, whom we found so zealous at the commencement of its discovery, makes no figure in its subsequent stages;—it may therefore be necessary to account for his entire absence from an affair in which

he appeared to embark with ardour, and from which he promised himself both honour and advantage. The cause of his absence will lead us into some details of an antecedent project of this man ; but without pledging ourselves for being historically, we shall vouch for being circumstantially, correct in our narrative ; and thus while the world may admire the history of the seventeenth century, in its commencement, as a species of philosophy, teaching by example, the romance of the same period may become a mirror reflecting the passions which created materials for the elements of that philosophy.

Overbury, on quitting Lawrencoy, repaired to his mistress, whom he found in deep distress, which was the cause of his non-appearance in any part of the business he looked forward to with so much solicitude ; but we are anticipating events, and shall, therefore, explain the origin

of Overbury's connexion with the female in question.

During Overbury's travels abroad, he made a short stay at Milan, when he beheld the lovely Gabriella, youngest daughter of an exiled English gentleman, high in favour with the then reigning Duke. Gabriella was however destined for the cloister, but her inclinations were not consulted on this important point; like many other victims of family pride, she was to be sacrificed to the aggrandisement of her family, whose slender fortune was scarcely sufficient to support the claims of that dignity they were so proud of.

Gabriella was about seventeen years of age when Overbury, who was invited as a chosen guest to the wedding of her elder brother, first saw her—It was at the particular request of this brother that she was allowed to be present at the solemnization of his nuptials.

Overbury no sooner beheld than he loved, nor was the fair Gabriella insensible to the charms and noble bearing of the handsome English stranger. He could not contemplate the unhappy fate to which this beautiful girl was doomed, without a desire to relieve her from it. He obtained an interview with her by means of a peasant, who had nursed Gabriella from her infancy, and who, good catholic as she was, yet could not help regretting that her young mistress's charms should be concealed in a nunnery. The old woman listened with attention and interest to Overbury's regrets upon the same subject, and he ventured to express his admiration of the fair Gabriella's person, lamenting, at the same time, that being an English *gentleman* only, he knew it would be in vain to hope that an offer of marriage from him would be accepted by her exiled parent, however the inclinations of

the lady, whose favour he was so anxious to solicit, might be inclined to listen to his proposals.

The old nurse sighed, and owned his observations were too true.

“Alas! Signor, you would do well to think upon this subject no more. The Signora has, from her birth, been educated for the cloister, and except on the day of the young Count’s marriage, she has never worn any dress but that of the monastery she is about to enter. She commences her novitiate next week.

Overbury now became exceedingly agitated, and while he was rapidly pacing backwards and forwards in the humble dwelling of the nurse Antonia—the object of his thoughts suddenly appeared. She started at seeing Overbury, and would have quitted the cot—when he stepped forward and entreated she would not deprive him of the only happiness he had on earth. “Fair Ga-

briella," he continued "fly me not,—alas! that I had never seen those charms, which as far exceed those of any other lady as light exceeds darkness; would to Heaven your heart were as sensible to the flame of love as your charms are capable of exciting it!"

The fair Gabriella blushed, but timidity closed her lips: the word love, addressed to her, was as unexpected as it was novel; from infancy the dangers and troubles of this passion had been deeply impressed upon her mind, but the sober joys of a monastic life, the blessedness of her future fate, and the calm blights of solitude, vanished into airy nothing as she listened to the impassioned language of love. A crowd of sensations, new and indefinable, overwhelmed her; her heart beat quickly, her large dark eye fell in languid lustre on the prostrate Overbury, gentle sighs

succeeded, her bosom heaved, and her limbs trembled, as her imagination conjured up the walls of her monastery, the dull formality of her future life, the sage and austere deportment of the abbess; the contrast operated so forcibly upon her youthful heart that she burst into tears. Overbury, subdued by this display of feeling, seized her hand, and covered it with burning kisses. But Gabriella, unaccustomed to the smallest approach to familiarity, withdrew it indignantly, and Overbury, more enamoured by her modest indignation, fell on his knees, and swore never to think of lady or of love, save only her. "Let me" he continued, "bear with me some token of your forgiveness;" then suddenly rising, and striking his forehead, he exclaimed "cruel fate, it must not, shall not be: promise me, fair Gabriella, that you will permit me to-

morrow, on this very spot, to repeat my vows, and to pour forth my love at your feet?"

"Sir," said the trembling girl, "I crave your pardon; I am professed; and to listen to vows of love would be a crime which could only be expunged by penitence and prayer." Her voice faltered as she spoke, and the colour fled her cheek, as she waved her hand to Overbury, who was about to reply, and she continued thus, "say no more I pray you; my fate is irrevocably fixed; may you be happy, and in your own fair land meet a heart free as your country, kind as your fondest wishes."

Overbury, unable any longer to controul his feelings, burst into an invective against monastic institutions, and the insatiate pride of her family, which could only be gratified by the sacrifice of so much loveliness.

"Dearest Gabriella," he exclaimed,

“ fly then to that fair land, where no gloomy cloisters frown ; fly with me dear excellence, and then, sheltered by Elizabeth’s power, thou shalt enjoy all that her happy land bestows.”

Gabriella heaved a sigh, and a tear hung on her eyelid as she replied, “ It cannot be : alas ! why do I listen to thy dangerous tongue, domestic happiness is not for me ;” here the poor trembling girl burst into tears and sunk upon the rude seat her nurse had just quitted.

Overbury again fell on his knees before her, and in the most passionate language, intreated she would meet him on the following day. “ This is all I ask at present, dearest, loveliest lady. Oh ! do not refuse to grant this poor request.”

Gabriella, after some hesitation, consented to meet him on the ensuing day.

“ But go,” she cried, “ for Heaven’s

sake, begone!—should father Francis see you here!—Merciful Heaven! what would be my fate.” The agony her tone of voice and manner expressed struck upon the heart of Overbury, and he left the cot, secretly cursing father Francis and the whole race of monks and friars.

When he was gone, the old nurse, who had been a silent, yet not unobserving spectator of all that had passed—approached her young mistress. “Alas! Signora,” she said, “ill betide the day which brought this handsome cavaliero to Milan. Would to Heaven the ship which brought him to Italy had sunk!—dearest mistress see him not to-morrow. “Think, if perchance the Signor, your father—”

“No more, no more, good Antonia,” said Gabriella, “prithee no more, my word is past, and ’tis sad enough to part to-morrow; yet to see him once

again, will be a fleeting pleasure—for when in the cloisters,”—the tears flowed slowly down her cheek, her soft dark eye was raised to Heaven, as thus she spoke in melancholy tones—“ When in the cloisters, I still may *think* upon his form—his features—hear his ardent voice, then sigh a prayer to Heaven to bless him—since Gabriella is doomed to dwell in solitude and silence, far from love’s delights, far from all fond and social ties. Alas! my own Antonia, ’tis even so; one short hour has reft me of peace—I feel my heart will never again beat free; cruel fate! would to Heaven he had been some neighbouring peasant’s son and I a cottager’s child!”

“ Dearest lady,” said the fond Antonia—“ Would to Heaven, indeed, he had never seen thy pretty face.

“ Say rather,” replied the love sick maid—“ Would to Heaven that I had ne’er beheld him.—*He* at every turn may

see a face more fair than I, but when shall I behold another being like him?—Oh, my poor heart!”

“Pray to the blessed Virgin, lady,” replied Antonia. Gabriella shook her head. “Nay, lady, but you must pray to her; for see, father Francis hither bends his steps.”

Gabriella started from her seat, and as the father entered and gave her his “Benedicite,” she mechanically crossed herself and stood before him with down-cast countenance, pale and trembling. The father looked surprised—“Daughter,” said he, “thou hast seen but little of the world, yet methinks thou art already infected by its griefs; whence this agitation?”

Gabriella replied not; but as she was naturally timid and fearful, father Francis supposed she shrunk at even this slight rebuke, he therefore changed his tone; “ah daughter! happy is thy lot; within a cloister’s sacred walls, far from

the noise and trouble of a busy world, thy days in one unchanging tenor shall glide gently, and proceed along like a softly purling stream ; while those who brave the dangers of this stormy life, resemble the majestic river now dashing headlong down the mountain's side, now rushing impetuously along the vale, where impeding rocks again divert its course, and cause the stream to vent its rage into foam. Happy is thy lot, my daughter ; soon wilt thou be enclosed far from the tempests of this world : soon wilt thou become a perpetual inmate of the monastery of the Carmelite nuns. Happy will be the day when the gates shall close, and shut the world from thee for ever."

The changing hue of the fair Gabriella's face was lost upon the pious father, for she had drawn her veil over her face, and with folded arms she listened apparently with all the attention father

Francis could desire : how far her feelings were in unison with his the reader need not be told. " I am bound to the castle ; daughter thou wilt attend me thither."

As they proceeded on their way, the monk pointed out to Gabriella the vanity of all earthly possessions and pursuits in language strong and powerful ; but the good father's eloquence was spent in vain, as he endeavoured to convince Gabriella that her lot was much to be envied. She, however, received his admonitions with silent respect, and thus avoided every occasion for the good monk to suppose, that his ward (he was Gabriella's confessor) was insensible to the blessings her parents were so anxious to procure for her, by secluding and sheltering her from the dangers and anxieties of the world.

Overbury in the mean while was devising a hundred different plans for

persuading the fair Gabriella to flee with him to England.

On the following morning he repaired to the cottage of Antonia; Gabriella was not there when he entered, and the nurse was much less cordial in her welcome than on the day before. Overbury was, however, too much occupied in his own thoughts to notice her coolness. Impatiently did he await the arrival of Gabriella, and when he first caught sight of her through the window, he was on the point of quitting the cot, had he not been stopped by the prudent nurse:—"Alack-a-day, Signor," said she, interrupting him and seizing his arm, "are you mad?—do you not know that if you were seen in company with the lady Gabriella, you would ruin her for ever, and perhaps cause her death and your own."

Overbury paused, his own life he held cheap, but for worlds he would not

endanger that of Gabriella ; he therefore remained passively in the cot until the beloved object of his affections made her appearance. After the first few moments of gratulations were passed, he again urged, with all the eloquence he could command, that she should flee with him to England.

“ Alas !” replied Gabriella, “ you know not what you ask ; how is it possible that I should escape unseen, undiscovered. You are not aware that upon the first intelligence of my flight, every means will be employed to discover and bring me back to shame and infamy, perhaps to a cruel death.” Her pale cheek, as she pronounced the last words, shewed her terror, as the narrow walled cell, its scanty portion of food, its pitcher of water, and small trimmed lamp, presented themselves successively to her imagination. “ Merciful Heaven !” she

resumed, "preserve me from a death so dreadful."

"Talk not of death," interrupted Overbury, "but of love, dearest Gabriella; consent but to share my fortune and my heart, and I will so provide that the inquisitorial eye, even of a *familiar*, shall not discover you. Listen: my page is sick, and therefore cannot at present appear in public; you, my love, shall pass as that page's sister. To-night I will confide to Antonia's care an homely dress, to shroud that slender form; that light and airy step must be changed for one of humbler gait. Myself, clad in a peasant's garb, will guide thee to a sure and safe retreat, where no keen prying eye shall glance—thou wilt not hesitate, my love? Ah, sweetest maid, how wilt thou grace Elizabeth's fair court—Antonia, thou'lt not betray thy mistress, I'll be sworn?"

Gabriella sat unable to speak during

this speech of her anxious lover, while Antonia wrung her hands and wept.

“ Oh woe betide the day,” she cried, “ when first you saw my lady.—Oh, woes the day—Alack, I know not what to do—speak dear lady—speak to your own poor nurse, what would you have her do ?”

Gabriella in vain essayed to speak—her lips moved, but no sound issued from them—when Antonia, whose eyes were anxiously directed towards the window, beheld father Francis bending his steps towards her cot.—“ Oh, Holy Virgin,” she exclaimed, dropping on her knees, “ save us.”—Even Overbury himself felt terror; what then must have been the feelings of poor Gabriella?—One only chance remained for Overbury’s escape, and that was by a small back window. Just, however, as they had resolved he should pass quickly through it—the cottage door opened, and father Francis

entered:—the word “Benedicite” was but half pronounced, when he discovered Overbury.

Amazement closed his lips for a time, while Gabriella, sinking on her knees, and clasping his robe in silent agony, awaited his first speech as that on which her future fate, her very existence depended. The monk looked at her with pity—as he said mildly, “unhappy Gabriella! ill fated girl—what hast thou done?” Then, turnly sternly towards Overbury, who stood impatiently awaiting the result—he addressed him thus: “Great has been your conquest over a weak and unsophisticated mind;—but hear me, Sir—know you the danger into which you have led this sacred votary of our Holy Religion—know that you are within the power of that dread tribunal which never fails to punish crimes like thine with unrelenting severity.—Quit, Sir, the cot, and as

you value that lady's peace and your own safety, never dare, by direct or indirect means, to hold future converse with her. And thou—mistaken girl—deluded victim, swear on the Holy cross, by the sacred vestments which enshrine thy fragile form, never to see him more."

"Hold father," said Overbury, "thou hast no right to extort such an oath from her," and Overbury immediately stepped forward to raise Gabriella, who had fainted, from the ground.

"Touch her not," said father Francis, with kindling rage, "touch not with thy unhallowed hand a vessel sacred to the Lord"—he then placed Gabriella in a chair: she raised her head, and her eyes met those of Overbury; the sensation this look caused was mutual, and Gabriella, turned towards the monk, with a look so fraught with woe, that the old man's eye fell beneath the overpowering glance;

—but summoning all her resolution, she proceeded thus:—"hear me, reverend father:—that I have listened to a tale of love is true;—that I have felt its power—" she paused—then resumed. —"Oh father! spare me—save me from the dreadful doom of a monastic life."

The father started some paces back: "art thou mad, Gabriella; darest thou disclose a tale like this to me? Merciful Heaven!" continued the friar, crossing himself, "how art thou fallen—thou lovely flower, but yesterday like the unspotted lilly, pure as the mountain snow, now like that same flower, torn by the warping wind, and levelled with the dust—thou dost fear to raise thy drooping head: shame and its burning blushes dye thy cheeks—and nought remains but tears of agony, sighs of remorse, and hours of penitence and prayer to obliterate the memory of these few short hours of guilt." Ga-

briella raised her drooping head—blushes it is true dyed her lovely cheeks, but they were not raised by shame—no, love was paramount to shame.

“Father,” she said, “I have deserved reproof, but——listen—why was I shewn this beauteous world? Why did I witness the extacy of Raymond’s bride, as blushing she gave her troth; why was I torn from the convent’s gloom to gaze for a few short hours on joys and bliss I ne’er must share? Often sad and solitary, my heart, unsatisfied, paced the cloistered aisle—fancy painted illusive, imaginary pictures of things and beings. Pardon me, good father, let me proceed:—my aching bosom felt a void;” (the father crossed himself,)—“yes reverend father,” she continued, and the forms I drew, the world I pictured, were but true.—It is a beauteous world; the forms are godlike;—my heart pants for alliance with my fellows

—and oh, with such a mind and such thoughts as these, am I fit to embrace a Holy life?—no! to my cell I shall return; but shall not long inhabit it; disappointment shall chase the bloom from my cheek—my sunk eye may raise itself as if in prayer, but the world will claim the sigh which to my sisters is bestowed on Heaven.”

“Daughter,” interrupted the friar impatiently, “I’ll hear no more.”

“Yet a few words more,” she replied, “embitter not the hours of liberty by vain restraint: if I must return to my lonely cell, let me in peace enjoy these few short hours. The time will come when I must submit to rules and penitence. But let me now inhale the breath of liberty.”

“It is not solitude you dread, resumed the friar; “your heart is deceived by the flattering tale! and do I live to say a votary of the Holy St. Clare has

opened her heart to the allurements and charms of love !”

“ You own then,” said Overbury, “ that love has charms ! And can you have the barbarity to consign that beautiful flower to the darkness of monastic gloom ? ’Twill fade, father, and pining for the light of liberty will droop its head and die ; but there is no time to lose. Gabriella ! beloved of my soul, fear nought, thine Overbury bids thee a kind farewell ; father adieu. When next we meet, we meet as friends I trust : I take my leave, and Gabriella, sweetest, fare thee well,” said he, and in a whisper he added to Antonia, “ I shall return anon.”

Scarcely had he left the cottage, when Gabriella burst into tears and wrung her hands in agony. “ He’s gone,” she said, “ speak to me not good father ; alas ! alas ! he’s gone ; oh, miserable that I am ! Happy England ! there no con-

vent's gloom conceals the love sick maid, but free as her land, she weds the man she loves." The friar looked astonished, Gabriella's grief affected him, and the despair which marked her countenance shot a pang to his heart, and he turned away from her supplicating attitude.

Father Francis was aware that every future moment of the lady Gabriella's life would now be tinged with that gloomy discontent which the transitory sight of the gay world, and the impassioned sighs of a handsome lover were calculated to produce. He loved Gabriella with the tenderest affection, and he was not unmoved at her passionate grief, which she perceiving, threw herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, supplicated him to have pity on her; "save me from a convent's gloom," she cried, "save me from eternal misery."

"Rise Gabriella," replied the father, "what I dare do for you, I will; but

mark me, daughter, you must forthwith return with me to the castle, and until this hot-headed Englishman is gone from this neighbourhood, you must again retire to the convent. Nay Gabriella, start not, you must submit to this, or instantly I will disclose to the signor your father, the particulars of your imprudent conduct."

A look from Antonia induced her to submit, and crossing her hands upon her bosom, she bowed her head and followed him. "To-night," he said, "at the hour of seven, we shall look in upon you again Antonia; daughter—follow me."

The good monk thoughtfully bent his steps to the house of her parents. Upon his arrival, he briefly told her Father (and that was all that was necessary for *him* to do) that the lady Gabriella would that evening return to her convent. This news was received with indiffer-

ence by every member of the family, except her brother and his bride: they lamented the seclusion to which she was consigned, and, with a sigh and a tear, the two ladies parted. From her father and mother she received a cold farewell, with a promise that when she took the veil, the ceremony should be attended by every member of her family, and nothing should be wanting to make the spectacle imposing. Gabriella listened with feelings of disgust to this cold farewell, and having joined father Francis, who waited for her in the hall, they bent their steps to Antonia's cottage.

Overbury had in the mean time hastened to his home and procured a peasant's dress for Gabriella. He took also the precaution to equip himself in a rustic tunic, the better to elude discovery, and he arrived at the cottage considerably before father Francis and the fair Gabriella. Impatience on Overbury's part

marked the moments as they flew, and he awaited the approach of his mistress with a degree of suspense that bordered on distraction. At length, however, the monk and his charge arrived at the cottage of Antonia.

“ Here, reverend father,” said the lady Gabriella, “ here I must stop; in going to my parents’ house, I obeyed you; in remaining here for a space you will confer on me an obligation.”

“ But, daughter, this perverseness ill accords with your duty,” replied the monk, sorrow evidently choking his words as he spoke.

“ My fate,” interrupted Gabriella, “ is fixed—I cannot, will not go to the monastery, but to perish the victim of a passion I cannot conquer.—Let me beseech you to go on and leave me to whatever time has in store for me. I may be unfortunate in the world, but I shall never be unhappy; yes, if I should

be unhappy, I will not be miserable ; and if misfortune should heap upon me every misery mortals erst endured, I shall not be the victim of cloistered despair.— Oh ! no.

“ Daughter,” rejoined the monk, “ thou judgest better of the world than it will of thee, if thou takest this false, this ruinous step.—I implore you to consider of it well—your friends, where are they, if you follow this cavaliero ? your home, nowhere, save on the waste or in the mysterious alley of some crowded city ; yourself, what then will you be ?—oh, daughter, daughter, think before it be too late.”

“ All that you have urged,” replied Gabriella, “ my own mind scanned.—But whom do I see.—Ah ! ’tis he, tis he.”

“ Daughter, if thy passion overreach thy duty, thus, learn at least what thou owest to me,” said father Francis, in kindly accents—“ If thou hast no

feeling for thyself, have some for my grey hairs and aged limbs—but no, thy bearing shews me thou carest for no one's peace, not even thine own, and in despite of thy best friend, thy religion, and thy God, thou art hurrying to cast thyself away on a man we know nothing of.—Oh, my child, my child!

The altered tones of the monk as he spake, terrified Gabriella for a moment; the voice of kindness with which he began to address her was suddenly changed into that of entreaty, and, lastly, into that of authority. As he accused her of irreligious neglect, his voice assumed the tones of contempt and indignation; but in conclusion it sunk into the softened accents of lamentation and distress.

At this moment Overbury approached and seized Gabriella's hand—Father Francis started back as if horror struck,

for he did not at the first glance recognize him in the peasant's dress; but recovering from his surprise, he advanced boldly and separated the hands of his novice and her gallant. Overbury now proceeded to argue with him, and Gabriella to implore his pity. The language of the one was irresistible, that of the other incontrovertible; for nature dictated the sentiments to be expressed, and passion clothed them in words which were new to the monk's ear. He listened, hesitated, and doubted. His inward cogitations, as to the disgrace of his being accessory to the flight of a novice, were strongly marked in his countenance, and he repeatedly resolved not to acquiesce; but at length, completely overpowered by the united reasonings, promises, threats, vows, tears, and prayers of the unhappy beings, who caused him all this sorrow,

he consented to accompany them, as the only means of effecting their safe escape.

Father Francis was a rigid disciplinarian in all that belonged to his order; its rule he had never infringed till accident brought him into the presence of Overbury; but the old man loved Gabriella with doting fondness; she appeared in his eyes so pure and holy, that every action of her life was the practice of a virtue, and every word from her lips the angelic truth of an immortal spirit. Viewed in this light by the pious monk, need we wonder that she succeeded in persuading him to be accessory in a crime against the rule of his order and the natural good sense of his cultivated understanding? Let us turn, however, from the contemplation of his frailties to what was passing before him; let us listen to what was spoken within his hearing, when

his love for Gabriella, and not his duty, yielded fatal consent to the reasonings of the impassioned lovers.

Father Francis had no sooner signified his determination to accompany them, as the only means of effecting their escape, than Overbury, in the triumph of his soul, turned round, seized the monk's hand, and exclaimed, "Good, Father,—'tis well thou yieldest to Nature's laws; for by my troth, if thou hadst not, the means of compelling thee were not wanting. Seest thou that grove, which skirts the margin of the stream to the right?—there I've concealed my power."

"What, wouldst thou have set upon me with thy bravoës?" asked the trembling monk. "That were, indeed, the summit of thy fault, son."

"Peace, gentle father, peace," exclaimed Gabriella. "But I meant no more, father, than to have detained

thee here," continued Overbury, "while this fair saint and I make good our escape to England. Now, however, that thou yieldest to our purpose, thou must complete thy share of this day's enterprize by procuring shelter and concealment for us in a neighbouring town. We move not one footstep till I am assured of thy truth to the lady Gabriella in this instance also; when I am therein certified, he that would harm thee shall pass through my body to do it."

"I have, it is true, relations distant some two leagues from this spot," replied father Francis, "and under their roof Gabriella might be safe; but there's a difficulty in reaching that refuge."

"Assure me there is a safe retreat for us," said Overbury, "and I will undertake to surmount the difficulties which may oppose our course."

The monk pledged himself to this

demand, and Overbury instantly exhibited a peasant's dress, in which he purposed to array Gabriella. Antonia, with an officious zeal, hastened to do the duties of lady's maid, and the party were soon on their way to the place the monk had alluded to.

But father Francis had still virtue sufficient left to act the part of priest, though not that of the friend to Gabriella. As soon, therefore, as he secured the fugitives in their retreat, as a condition of his own secrecy, he insisted on uniting them in the holy bands of matrimony; and with this proposal Overbury immediately complied, as from several mental reservations he looked upon the ceremony little better than a nullity; but as he really loved Gabriella, and as, moreover, this instance of apparent duty on his part, was to reconcile the old priest entirely to the project of the elopement, he wished of all things to have the

marriage rites performed without delay.

Father Francis having thus united his headstrong novice in matrimony, returned to her parents, and in brief speech said "the lady Gabriella had been carried off from the hut of Antonia by banditti, where he had left her for a space, and no tidings of their flight had been obtained, though he had inquired far and near."

This news spread dismay in the family, and parties of the neighbours were dispatched in all directions, to discover the fate of Gabriella, but their pursuit was unavailing; hopes were, however, entertained that she might be carried to some retreat of those marauders who infest the Apennines, and, that when a large ransom was offered for her release, she might again be restored to her afflicted family. Father Francis in the mean time obtained leave to make a

pilgrimage to our lady of Loretto. But who shall paint the dismay at the convent on the first news of Gabriella's elopement? Time however, threw its veil over these events, Gabriella was forgotten by the sisterhood, and her loss was mourned at the home of her infancy. She and Overbury having been concealed for a fortnight in the refuge the monk provided for them, at length travelled as Savoyards through the intermediate countries between Milan and Frankfort on the Rhine, where they halted for some time, and then proceeded to Holland, from whence they obtained a passage to England.

With the residence of Gabriella in London, Laurency was well acquainted, as he had come over from Holland in the same vessel with her and Overbury. When, therefore, he found himself caught in the toils he had been laying

to ensnare others, his first business on leaving Overbury, and before he proceeded to the Lord Cecil, was to send an anonymous billet to Gabriella, informing her that Overbury was involved with Raleigh and the Lords Cobham and Grey, in a conspiracy, which would eventually affect his life. The moment he entered her lodgings, which were in a cottage in Holborn, he found her distressed beyond measure, from the tidings of the billet. In vain did Overbury strive to assuage her grief, by assuring her he could not possibly be implicated, and that none but an enemy could have sent her that note; and as he had used the utmost secrecy in regard to Gabriella, even in London, his suspicions immediately fell upon Lawrency.

“I will go and find him out,” he exclaimed, “and plunge this rapier in his heart, but he shall come here and contradict his lies.”

“ Oh ! no, leave me not,” cried Gabriella—“ I shall be miserable beyond all distress, if you quit me—the only proof I can have of your love for me, of your entire innocence of all conspiracy, will be in your remaining here by me—grant me this, or I instantly go to the Count Aremberg, or the Marquis de Beaumont, and seek out the truth of all this horrible plot.”

“ No, not for worlds shall you go near either of these noblemen,” replied Overbury ; “ and dearest Gabriella, I shall prove to you I love you more than all the honour I could gain by disclosing this plot, and will therefore remain here with you, till that rascal Lawrency shall himself reveal it ; for I clearly perceive the villain has the vantage ground of me.”

CHAPTER IX.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar ;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mad career.
Ah ! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand !
Let me, ye pow'rs, an humbler wreath demand :
No pomps I ask, which crowns and sceptres yield ;
No dang'rous laurels in the dusty field :
Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing.
To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

THE GUARDIAN, NO. 125.

ONE of the most popular acts of the new King, was his protection to the son of the late Earl of Essex, who had been privately beheaded in the Tower. Es-

sex was brave, generous, affable, incapable of disguising his own sentiments, or of misrepresenting those of others, and he possessed the rare felicity of being at once the favourite of Elizabeth, and the darling of her people. This nobleman was the son of Sir Walter Devereux, Viscount of Hereford, and Earl of Essex ; and, had he obeyed the dying command of his father, he might have continued in the enjoyment of every happiness in his retirement at Anglesey ; but he was drawn thence by the Earl of Leicester, by whose faction he was betrayed to destruction ; and he bequeathed to the youth, of whom we are about to speak, all the disabilities which are the inheritance of a traitor's son and heir.

The first circumstance of the early life of Robert Devereux, (for so at present we shall call this unfortunate young nobleman) which excited the curiosity of James to see him, was of a nature sufficiently well calculated to work on

the fancy and religious prejudices of a prince, who had written a learned paraphrase upon the revelation of the apostle St. John. The very same hour, and, (as it is believed) on the very same minute that his father was beheaded privately in the Tower, young Essex, then a scholar in Eton College, did suddenly and distractedly, leap out of his bed, where he had been fast asleep, and to the amazement of all, cried out "that his father was killed"—"his father was dead." This remarkable, and, as it is termed in the chronicles of the times, "most wonderful," anecdote came to James's ears, and on his arrival at Theobalds, he ordered young Essex to be brought into his presence.*

* There was also another reason for the King's partiality to young Devereux. The late Earl of Essex had been the friend of James, who sent as ambassadors, Mar and Kinloss, to save, if possible,

James was himself a father and a man of peace ; he had besides a son nearly of the same age with Robert Devereux, who was now looked upon with more than ordinary observance from the presage he gave of the sad news which was brought to him on the morning that followed his father's execution. Shocked as the King's humane mind was, that Essex had too severe a trial, and that his life had been made a sacrifice to the ambition of a faction, he restored this young earl his father's titles and estate, and was pleased to make him the companion of his eldest son Prince Henry, who soon became more nearly allied to

the gallant Essex's head from the axe, but the royal messengers arrived too late. This was, perhaps, more fortunate than otherwise, for the rash unthinking Earl had avowedly raised his standard in James's favour, and his ministers were by the Earl's premature death enabled to turn into congratulations their intend ed remonstrances.

him in affection than in years. Nor is this a solitary instance of James's kindness to the orphan; his conduct to the five children of Lenox, was equally parental and affectionate; he sent for them from France, and besides loading the two sons with honours, he married one daughter to Huntley, Earl of Mar, and the third might have had as respectable an alliance, but she chose a monastery.

The Queen too, shewed an uncommon interest in the youthful Earl, and she presented him with a favourite hunter, that he might accompany Prince Henry in his sports.

It happened opportunely, that on the morning when Essex was brought into the King's presence, his Majesty was about to enter upon the delights of the chase, of which he was uncommonly fond, and Essex, though hardly equal to its fatigues, was given in charge of Philip Herbert, an experienced sports-

man, who attended also upon Prince Henry. The King, on this occasion, wore a green dress, with a feather in his hat, and a horn by his side ; but James was a man of pastime, and by making it the chief business of his life, he shewed much frivolity of mind. Yet, 'twere wrong, perhaps, to charge upon this King what is the usual occupation of the great bulk of those who labour not mechanically for the necessities, or even a few of the luxuries of life. The sports of the field give elasticity to the mind and strength to the body ; the application of a vigorous mind to one pursuit, without any variance, generates madness : and the midnight revel, or the gaming table, enfeeble both the body and the mind. The King of England, unlike his ancestors, believed not that the sports and amusements of the chase and the lake added strength and agility to the wheels of state

mechanism, while they had a direct tendency towards utility; but he was nevertheless a sportsman, and on this day he took a peculiar pleasure in his bow and arrow.

The properties of both he explained in part to young Essex, leaving his son Henry to display his knowledge as well as his skill of these weapons: and Henry was an apt lad who had every line of William the monk's book of pastimes at his tongue's end. "On the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday," said he to Essex, "we shall have cock fighting, and every Friday in Lent, the Ludus Trojæ; and sea battles during the Easter holidays; and tennis and quintan; and at Newington Butts, our archery; the parish clerks and the players may amuse my father and the Queen with the Creation of the world, 'interludes,' and 'masques;' for us Essex, we will none of their mummery."

The youthful nobleman listened with admiration as Prince Henry went on describing the qualities of their bows, those arms for boys, for which a provision was made among the articles of benefaction, in the hospitals of Edward VI. "The best bows," said Henry, "are made of yew—of the yew trees planted in church yards.—How it thrives there, better than in other places, the King, my father, who is a great clerk, can perhaps tell us—and then, again, only folks of gentle blood can shoot with a yew bow."

Here, however, the Prince was wrong; he had acquired sufficient knowledge of the English laws to know that rustics and mechanics could not use yew bows; but the words of the statute of Henry VIII. respecting archery, are as obvious as they are singular. "No person under seventeen years, except he, or his father or mother, have lands

or tenements to the yearly value of ten pounds, or be worth in value or moveables, the sum of forty marks sterling, shall shoot with any bow of yew."

Prince Henry knew, however, the latter part of the statute perfectly well, as he proceeded to instruct his pupil, that "he should have the best bow in his archery, after the feast of our lady, and," added he, "none can buy a bow till then under a penalty of six shillings and eight-pence."

"I think it is very strange," said Essex, "that the church-yard, which receives the dead, should furnish the yew wood to keep it green."

"Pooh, lad, every body may have a bow of mean price," interrupted the prince, "for every bowyer for every bow that he maketh of yew, makes four other bows, meet to shoot with, of elm, witch hazel, ash, or other wood apt for the same."

“ Then I would call these bows ordinaire, such as might feed the field of battle with its dead,” said Essex.

“ A good thought and a wanton,” exclaimed Prince Henry, “ and I wish all my father’s people would buy elk bows, elk ’s a stronger wood than yew, lad, and it ’s more pliant than the common yew.—There’s a staggard, lookye how my elk bow *string* twangs,” and saying so, he let fly a bolt at the unlucky buck ; “ I hit him, but, body of Wolsey, my bolt slanted across his antlers—yet he’s down.”

“ A plague on the ground,” cried Herbert, “ it was that caused your Highness miss him, look ye, Prince Henry, this is the aim, this, this.”

“ Then Herbert, you shall have my bow,” said Henry, “ its a bow of yew of the tax called elk, and no bowyer puts such to sale to any of the King’s subjects above the price of three and

four pence, under a penalty of twenty shillings for every bow sold above that money."

"My certies, your Royal Highness is as well skilled in buying as Archy Armstrong in fooling," said Herbert, adding, "I am no star-gazer, but we'll hae a storm ere the day's down—Pugh—hot work this—I would that I had a cup of dagger ale, for by Gog's bones, my throat is like the mouth of a cannon that's been shot thrice in the minute."

How far and with what nonsense Philip Herbert would have proceeded, it is impossible to say, but he was cut short in his unmeaning discourse, by the appearance of another party of sportsmen. These proved to be the Lord de la Zouch, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and some descendants of four barons who had signed MAGNA CHARTA. The royal party was saluted by the other,

the King received the homage of his subjects, and the whole field of sportsmen joined in one company.

“ Look ye, prince Henry,” said Herbert, “ here’s the rascal hart’s slot, long heeled and broad—Look ye—there the fellow made into his entry—look ye, what bows he hath ever stridden to get into his gallery ; he’s gone in stiff and stately, he’s none of your young creeping fellows as he passes into his harbour ; we must unharbour him.—So ho ! so ho ! huntsman—blow a recheat to the hounds to encourage them—we must not let them overshoot the chase.—Gardez vous, gardez, you’ll pass within a yard of the brute in his lair, and none of your dogs vent him—gardez, I say gardez.—Ah ! the hounds fall to change, put them to the right slot and view, until they have roused and found him again.—Gog’s bones plunge into the thicket

man, and make him break herd—a plague on your young dogs that will overshoot their game—Take thee a couple of leashes of old hounds, that will hunt leisurely and fearfully, and dive in, and let the dogs challenge—hark, Spanker, hark! hark, Killbuck, hark! hark, Tracer, hark!”

“A pest on your dogs,” cried Prince Henry, by all the vert and venison in this chase, if a ranger don’t give us slot and view of this rascal hart soon, I would he were stuffed with its fewmets—phugh, hoo! there ’s a hare,

Inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus,
 “Ostrager, Ostrager, ride, ride;—unhood your goshawk;—in the length of a bow shot, let it fly—bravo, bravo—ware, hawk, ware!”—And in the short space that intervened between Prince Henry’s “pest on your dogs,” and his “ware, hawk, ware!” the forester had unhoboured the hart, and the falconer

had thrown his hawk off his fist ; the hawk had trussed the unfortunate hare, and was rewarded with its heart, and the field cry, “ ware,” “ ware,” “ ware” —the common signal for a hawk to pray on its quarry.

The chase was now resumed with increased speed, but the hart soon took soil, whereupon Herbert cried in the language of the old rule,

“ He that will his chase find,
Let him first try up the river,
And down the wind.”

The hounds challenged but a yard above the poor animal’s going into the water ; but there was much confusion among the sportsmen respecting the application of the proverb. At length Herbert espied the poor creature’s nose in the middle of the stream, for in taking soil, it is the nature of the hart to cover himself wholly as it were under the water.

Man and horse plunged in as they were able, and the hounds followed; the royal party and the Archbishop cantered along the bank of the river till the hart landed, when the tired animal, being almost spent, ran stiff, high and lamperking.

“ There he goes,” cried Herbert, “ black at the mouth, and dry without foam. Ah! the wretch; look at his slot, now his claws are close together, now does he open them wide, making great glidings, following the beaten paths without doublings; there he goes along that ditch side looking for a gap, having not strength to leap it otherwise.”

But in a minute the hounds were at fault, the game was out of sight, and not a dog would stir his foot. The huntsmen, the king, the archbishop, all were amazed; at last, by a great deal of examination, there fell suspicion on

a great white thorn, surrounded by neither vert, as a likely harbour. The archbishop discovered the hart, perched on the boughs of the thorn, and Prince Henry darted among the shrubs to thrust him through with his spear, while Herbert expended "all the breath in his body," as he himself said, "in winding the mort of the beast."

But Essex, by some unlucky accident, was not in at the death ; and the King, who wished that his young friend might take say, felt a little mortified.

"Oh ! never mind, your Highness," said Herbert, "we 'll lease the young noble first, and then teach him to take say."

Accordingly, as soon as Essex came in, Prince Henry and Herbert, in conjunction with an old huntsman, laid him across a horse-saddle, and with a pair of dog couples, gave him "ten pounds and a purse," the penalty of coming in too late at the mort ; or, in fact, the

initiation of a young sportman. The ten pounds paid by Herbert, in the shape of ten stripes, were cutting enough, but the purse of the eleventh was as bad as the other ten put together. This done in perfect good humour, Herbert placed his pupil close to the left shoulder of the deer, while some held the fore legs, and the huntsman drawing down the parts, Essex was instructed to bring his knife leisurely along the middle of the belly, beginning near the brisket, to discover how deep the fat was. The huntsman, who broke the deer, then rewarded the hounds. Then he presented Essex with a drawn dagger, to cut off the head; and the whole ceremony was concluded with a treble mort blown by Herbert, and a whole recheat in consort, by all that had horns.

The archbishop now quitted the royal party, and the King pursued the sport

for about two hours longer. His grace was, however, extremely unfortunate in the chase this day ; for he had not left the company of his majesty half an hour, when shooting at a rascal deer with his cross bow, the keeper coming up unwarily too forward, was struck with the arrow under the left arm, and died in about an hour after. The good prelate's grief was insupportable for a time, and he retired to his alms houses at Guilford, till the royal will should be known respecting this misfortune. He endowed the wife of the keeper and her children with an estate ; but the accident gave occasion for much scandal among the disaffected upon religious matters ; and some of the rigid puritans cried " blood for blood." But to return to his majesty's hunting party.

When the King had been about an hour longer in the field, the storm, of which Philip Herbert had prophesied,

began to shew itself, and the royal party were fain to seek shelter where they could. James, without any ceremony, entered a cottage on the skirts of the forest, and saluted the dame in a style of unwonted frankness.

“Peakish grange this, for gentles to house them in,” said Herbert.

“Sit thee down, my master,” quoth the dame, “here thou shalt have such welcome as the place and I can afford; thou and thy master shall eat brown bread, whig, bacon, curds, and milk, such as thou ne’er tasted, for sweetness and richness.”

“Prithee dame trouble not thyself,” said the King, “we are part of his majesty’s suite that broke off in the chase.”

“Take thee this cushion made of lists, my master, and sit thee beside that jolly lord in a poor stool half backed with a hoop.”

“Marry but thou art a jolly old dame,” said Herbert, “where hast thou sent thy daughter dame?”

“Where hast thou sent thy daughter?” echoed the old woman—“Marry, come up, but I wish my bread were wheat, and my whig were perry. Where hast thou sent thy daughter, gramercie! There’s bacon wi’ as thin a streak o’ red in it, as the blood o’ Bancroft. But, I wish the bacon were beef, and that the milk and curds were cream, to make ye merry my masters. But here comes the captain, my master, and he is the man who can cast you a nativity as gleg as ere a palmister between the Thames and the Tweed.”

As the woman spoke these words, a tall gaunt fellow, with a bushy head of hair, a thick beard, small black eyes, darker even than his jet black hair and beard, and of an olive complexion, entered the cottage. The royal party, who had not deigned to touch the hospitable fare that the poor woman arranged with tolerable neatness on her board, now started from their seats, and

Philip Herbert demanded of the person who entered, who and what he was?

“Who am I?” said the man, but instantly glancing around the hut, which was very ample though indifferently lighted, his eye caught that of the King—the tone of his voice sunk from the boldness it had assumed, and walking up to his Majesty, the captain took hold of his hand and said:—

Bless me, my masters, the old and the young,
From the gall of the heart and the stroke of the
tongue;

With you lucky bird, I begin, let me see,
I aim at the best, and I trow you are he:
Here's some luck already, if I understand
The grounds of my art: here's a gentleman's hand.

I'll kiss it for luck sake: you shall by this line,
Love a horse and a hound, but no part of a swine.
To hunt the brave stag, not so much for your food,
As the weal of your body and the health o' your
blood.

240 BLIGHTED AMBITION ; OR,

You're a man of good means, and have territories
store,

Both by sea and by land ; and were born, sir, for
more,

Which you like a lord, and the prince of your peace
Content with your havings, despise to encrease ;

You are no great wench I see by your table,
Although your Mons Veneris says you are able :

Whence he that conjectures your quality learns
You're an honest good man, and take care of your
bairns ;

Your mercury's bill too, a wit doth betoken,
Some book craft you have, and are pretty well spoken.

But stay, in your Jupiter's mount, what's here ?

A king ! a monarch ! what wonders appear !

High, bountiful, just ; a Jove for your parts,

A master of men, and that reign in their hearts.

“ Avaunt, wizzard, avaunt,” said the
King sternly, “ thou dealest with Sa-
tan, and art witched”—

“ Nay, eat of my bread, and drink of my cup,

“ Then to horse without leaping store, aye or a
stirrup.”

“God’s death! thou beggarly gypsey,” said Herbert, “avaunt, or my faulchion cleaves thee in twain.”

“Though the whip be sold that shall lash thy breech, bully courtier, the blade’s not welded that docks my hair—Sib, Sib, Sib,” called the fellow to his dog, which instantly obeyed its master’s voice, and the woodland fortune-teller, bolting out at the door, disappeared in an instant.

“We’re in the land of enchantment,” said the King, “let us begone—let the devils be a’ harried;” and leaving the homely dwelling of a being who really meant the King no ill, James mounted his horse in the midst of the storm, and rode to a more genial place of shelter.

CHAPTER X.

There's language in her eye ; her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader ! Set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

OF the young ladies who shone at the court of James, few excelled the Lady Frances Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. This young lady had been peculiarly noticed by Queen Anne, and, in the parties of juvenile courtiers that flirted around Prince Henry, none received more attention than the Lady

Frances. The King himself delighted to partake occasionally in the innocent amusements of the young nobility who surrounded the Prince; and he could plainly see that it would be for the interest of young Essex to be married to the Lady Frances Howard. By this alliance, the pacific monarch hoped that a perfect reconciliation might be made in all things between the families of Devereux and Howard. Accordingly, he proposed the match to the Earl of Suffolk, who referred his Majesty to the Countess:—James took the reference of his minister in good part, and went forthwith through with the *business*, a name sufficiently reasonable for a political marriage.

“Cousin,” quoth the King to the Countess, “I’ve got a familiar to knock on the Lady Frances’ pillow.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed the Countess; “and who is the caddis that your Ma-

jesty proposes to disturb the sleep of my daughter?"

"Why, looke-ye," replied James; "your Frankey, as transcendant in her spirit as in her beauty, renders your house now as populous as a confectioner's shop, to which the gaudy wasps, no less than the liquorish flies, make it their business to resort, in hope of obtaining a lick of your Countess-ship's honey-pot.—Now, Madam, I would lay an embargo on the loose custom of England, where she, that being innocent, doth, by her light carriage, make base symptoms appear in the world's opinion. I would have all your young lasses of seventeen in the land married; and all the gaudy butterflies amongst the young men of nineteen, whose heads are now a wool-gathering, I would have them all to believe with me, that a wife is a medicine both for strong and weak."

"So your Majesty has a lover at

hand for my child?" said the Countess, little disposed to encounter the argumentative King.

"Truth is, Lady Suffolk," replied James, "I have my eye upon young Essex as a husband for the Lady Frances. But since we brook nothing well that restraint ties us to, I must beseech your ladyship, at your own convenience, to break the matter to the young lady."

"But my Lord of Suffolk," rejoined the Countess, "him I must consult.—Children, my liege, are uncertain comforts, but certain troubles."

"I pledge myself for my Lord of Suffolk," added the King; "and since the yoke of marriage had need be lined with the softest stuff, and covered with the richest outward conveniences, besides confirming Essex in all his father's honours and possessions, the Lady Frances shall not go to the altar an unendowed beauty."

“But the Lady Frances and the Earl of Essex, wife and husband, how can that be?” asked the Countess. “He’s restored in blood; true—but—”

“Hear me, hear me, Lady Suffolk,” interrupted the King—“I ask you to wed your daughter to an honourable person:—let her birth be as high as any Howard, Essex comes of the Devereux’s,—well know I that honourable persons, as is reported of the eagle’s feathers, in a bed, consume all not of the same plume;—but here there’s no lean honour like Pharaoh’s kine, to devour either one house or other.”

“But consider the Lady Frances’ age,” added the Countess; “she is much too young: I would she were older, though even now she be looked upon as the sun; but your Majesty must in the end be the absolute master of her choice, I presume.”

“That, Lady Suffolk,” replied the King—“that is a privilege rather than

a right, I enjoy. For Essex I will prescribe ; and since you consider me absolute, for the Lady Frances I will also take this upon me. To-morrow I have to beg you will allow me the privilege of introducing my adopted boy to your lovely daughter."

The Countess curtsied — the female bow was not then in vogue, and applying her cat-call to her lips, she whistled for Lady Frances's waiting-woman. " Tell Lady Frances Howard the King commands her presence forthwith," said the Countess.

The woman took leave, with all due obeisance, and in a few moments Lady Frances, as gay as a peacock, and as sprightly as a young fawn, came tripping into the presence of the King and her mother. James discoursed on books, praised those printed in a small and neat form, and professed a great dislike to huge volumes.

“ I have just been reading one of your Majesty’s books,” said the Lady Frances pertly, “ and it is not a small book either, which made me wonder how your Highness should know all you wrote, and why you should take the trouble to write all you imagined. But I like books, yet I like company better. The more I read from books, the less I exercise my own wit. Now in a brilliant assembly—at a masque I was at the other day, I found the converse of gentles more a refiner of the spirit than your books crammed with aphorisma, stuffed with legal quilllets, eked out perchance with crabbed logic, and some flourishes of rhetoric resembling the Lacedemonian thief——”

“ Of a verity, Lady Frances, thou’st no need of quotations in thy discourse,” replied the King, somewhat piqued by the tartness of the young lady’s observations.

"The King says right," rejoined the Countess, "thou'rt incurable, Franky, in thy boldness: remember that though neat wits, like fair ladies, may take a pleasure in making communicable the beauty of their parts, yet they both appear most grateful when they are obtained with struggling and blushing."

"Cheap and good, my lady mother; if I had the skill to choose," said Lady Frances laughing. Then turning to the King she asked, "Is not your Highness afflicted to see the reward of wisdom lavished on a fool? Why, I'm in leading strings. Oh! I wish I were a man, I would be liquorish after fame, though she doth carry a trumpet, that, for the most part, congregateth more enemies than friends."

"But there are situations in which a lady may share fame," said the King.

"Indeed! I would your Majesty would now point me out one; and, as

expedition doubles the benefit, grant, if ever, this my courtesy at first asking."

"What think you of the fame acquired in matrimony?" demanded the King.

"Think!" replied Lady Frances, "that it is sometimes marred by miscarriages when the fickle voice of the multitude manages a courtier as a showman manages his properties and puppets."

"Remember, child," said the Countess in the ear of her daughter, "'tis not safe to divert your prince by a witty answer, beyond all possibility of reply."

"Mercy on us, his Majesty began it himself," retorted the arch coquette: then addressing the King, she asked in the sweetest accents, "will your Highness resolve whether it be more excusable to appear rich than wise at the prejudices of one in superlative power?"

For they say Henry Quatre's ears are so continually softened by flattery, that he bears with better temper a diminution of his treasury, which he looks upon as below and without him, than in wit, handsomeness, and horsemanship."

"To-morrow, fair querist, I will resolve thy interrogatory either myself or by deputy," replied the King. "Now I declare to thee, Lady Frances, thou makest me but the copy of myself. Come, give me thy hand. Nay, I will, I shall have a buss, fair cousin—thy humour makes us, like Solomon, do things for which we're unable to render a reason."

"Now I'm satisfied," exclaimed the blushing yet delighted Lady Frances; "satisfied there is less danger in speaking truth to a king than his minions."

"And I'm satisfied you'll be happy on the morrow," said the King, "so

now adieu, ma bonne Countess—adieu, ma fille—to-morrow I shall see you both at Theobalds.”

The King immediately left Suffolk House, and proceeded to White Hall, where his Majesty found the Prince Henry and young Essex in high altercation. It seems that the Prince and Essex had this morning been delighting themselves with the exercise and pleasure of the tennis court, and they had inadvertently stumbled upon a question as to the origin of the word denoting the game.—Prince Henry argued the game was a French production ; Essex that it had been imported into France, and that the word *tenez* afforded no incontrovertible evidence as to the Gallican original of the game.—“ For the holding,” said Essex, “ or keeping possession of the ball is no part of the game, but rather a circumstance casually

attending it, since during the performance the ball is in continual motion, so there can be no *tenez* at this juncture."

"I tell thee, Essex," said the Prince in a rage, "the game is French; in French we call it *Tennois*: now look ye, *Sennois* is a town of Champagne;—the balls were made there first—there the game originated;—change S into T, which in the heat and exercise of the game is likely enough, and you have *Sennois*, *Tennois*, *Tennis*."

"A parley, or play," cried Essex; "let's to our game, and leave dull critics to their narrow circle; for myself, I like books, I like play—a mixed education suits employment best."

"Devil bandy thy tongue, play away then," exclaimed the Prince; "I'll mix frolic and study with any son of a traitor."

"Son of a traitor! saidst thou, Prince Henry,—nay, then, take that," said

Essex, almost choked with passion, as he struck the Prince over the crown of his head with his racket.

“ My Lord of Essex ! your Highness ! Hold ! hold ! This is unpardonable, Essex,” said Philip Herbert ; “ your Highness is not hurt ? ” added the officious attendant. But Prince Henry had not yet recovered from the effects of the blow ; he was stunned—he reeled a pace or two but was caught by Herbert, and his first action was to put his hand to his head. The skin was slightly cut by the blow, and a few drops of blood trickled down his face ; but in other respects he received no injury. Herbert railed against Essex, coaxed the Prince, cursed the game, and wished its inventor’s head were as high as Haman’s.

Prince Henry, who now discovered the blood dropping from his head, wrested himself out of Herbert’s grasp,

exclaiming "Have at you, Robert Devereux!" aiming at the same time a blow with his racket at the insulted youth's head. But Essex hit the racket out of Prince Henry's hand, and throwing away his own at the same instant, folded his arms upon his breast, and stood mute, though his countenance expressed both sorrow and indignation. Herbert again interposed with that peculiar rudeness for which he was characterised, and insisted that the Prince was wrong in casting into the teeth of Essex the crime of his father, when at the same time his Majesty had restored the young lord to all his father's titles and honours; but at the same time no language of his Highness's could justify Essex in taking the law into his own hand, and striking Prince Henry. The Prince was again making up to Essex, but Herbert placed himself between them, and instead of continuing the

altercation, hurried young Essex into the palace of White Hall, followed by Prince Henry, whose rage abated none of its force till the King himself appeared.

James heard the complaint of his son, the defence of Essex, and the explanation of Herbert, before he blamed or commended either of the offenders. "Henry," said the King, "this was not well done. He who struck you now in his own defence, will be sure with more violent blows to strike your enemy in times to come." And then turning to Essex, the royal peace-maker added, "As for you, Essex, nothing under heaven could justify the assault. Let me not see your face till to-morrow afternoon you come to us at Theobald's; there we'll see what the flourish of your youth can do in your own defence; fail not to obey us, and we'll put your full fire and courage to the proof." Essex bowed and

left the royal presence, while the youthful Prince felt mortified at the usage he had met with.

In the mean time the rumour of this affair spread over the city in an hour, and was aggravated with every circumstance of insult, atrocity, or courage. At Suffolk House the tidings were announced with mysterious caution, and created the greater solicitude by the obscurity in which the facts were enveloped. By the arrival of Herbert, however, in the course of the afternoon the whole truth was learned, and the young Earl was pronounced a gallant of parts befitting a prince. Whatever Herbert's commission was, there seems little doubt that he executed it to the letter, for his description of Essex enchanted the Lady Frances.

"I do like the Earl for that," said the Lady Frances. "If the Prince be such a turkey-cock as to stand and

pride himself no less in the sun and prosperities of the spring, than Nebuchadnezzar did on the battlements of his palace, he will learn by times that the sense of honour in the nobles of our land brooks not the cruelty of unmerited insult."

"But the plume of state," said Herbert, when the young lady paused, "the plume of state cannot be ruffled without putting in disarray the feathers of the nobility. This tiercel gentle, Essex, would have a good pitch, at his first stooping, and struck the falcon, gentle Prince Henry, and would have trussed him, but that I, like a well-made sportsman, pounced in and whooped the birds down to my lure."

"And you did right, Herbert," said the Countess, "ill becomes it your tiercel gentle should now be permitted a creance yard long to his leash."

"Ha! my lady," interrupted Her-

bert, "I hooded my birds, stroked them gently on the wings, reclaimed my hawks, manned them both, and as on a perch brought them into the King's presence. But adieu, the King's Majesty commanded Essex to be at Theobalds on the morrow, and there the noble cavaliero is to enter the lists with another combatant."

"And I hope he will be more successful than to-day," quoth the Lady Frances.

"So do I," rejoined Herbert: "I hope he will."

"Hope," echoed the Lady Frances laughing—"Hope is the false prophet of Fortune when she intrudes as the medium of distress upon the slippery embankment that guards the throne. Let us cheer Essex, my lady mother, by our presence, and the sun-shine of as many fair faces as we can bring in our train. This will tempt the King to a charitable

judgment, and it will go hard indeed if we cannot bring merchandize enough to recommend peace to Prince Henry."

"Agreed, my love," rejoined the Countess; "and do you, my gentle Herbert, convey to the King our duty and our grief; but our hopes also, that his royal Majesty's wishes of this morning may to-morrow afternoon be all fulfilled."

Herbert again bowed, bade the Countess and her daughter adieu, and repaired with all speed to the King, to whom his communication was highly gratifying. On the following day a large party of distinguished characters were assembled at Theobalds, and among the rest the personages who have figured most conspicuously in this chapter. The Queen received the Countess of Suffolk and the lovely Lady Frances with her accustomed affability, and the King took young Essex by the hand as if

nothing had happened between him and Prince Henry. The King then advanced towards the Queen, leading the young nobleman with him, and there in the most gracious and condescending manner introduced the subject of the match between the houses of Devereux and Howard. Lady Frances for a moment seemed to doubt she heard the King speak; but his Majesty's praises of Essex's recreations, riding of the great war-horse, running at the ring, the exercise of arms, the delights of hunting, hawking, and fishing, which were followed by loud and lengthened commendations of his application to study, the perusal of books that yielded profit and amusement, though all highly prized by Lady Frances, fell short of the pleasure she derived from gazing on the youthful nobleman who had the courage to resent an insult offered even by his Prince. This single

act captivated her more than to hear that he was generally first in at the death of the stag, or when the falcon on his wing was stooping to his prey. The genius of honour seemed to have taken up his residence in the person of Essex, and the Lady Frances heard with infinite pleasure the proposal of King James, who in brief terms sought her hand for the young Earl of Essex.

A few days sufficed for the courtship of these minors, and in the mean time the King of Denmark arrived in England to visit his royal brother-in-law, James. In the midst of the revels which were given, the marriage ceremony of the young Earl of Essex with the Lady Frances Howard was celebrated. The presents of plate and jewels and other things given by the noblemen of the court were valued highly, but that which made it a good marriage was the King's jointure, and

the presence of so many persons of condition and royal bearing. The young couple were entertained with a masque in the evening, when the arrival of the Queen of Sheba at Solomon's temple was represented. In the banqueting-room, and at its further end were seated their Majesties of England and Denmark, with Queen Anne between them; on the King of Denmark's left sat the youthful bride; on King James's right hand sat the young bridegroom, and a lady of the court enacted the Queen of Sheba.

The Asiatic princess approached the sovereigns, bearing in her hand most precious gifts, but forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets on his Danish Majesty's doublet and breeches, embellished by the braguette. This mishap would of itself have been matter of small moment, but the representative of the eastern dame

fell at the Dane's feet. The hurry and confusion occasioned by this disaster may well be imagined ; however, his Majesty got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba. In this he was equally unfortunate with Solomon's admirer, for of the good food and the good liquor he had partaken that day, his Majesty's steps in the dance bore many irregular proofs. In good sooth, the King stumbled and fell. Her Majesty of Sheba was thus relieved of his boisterous mirth ; for what formerly with the sousing he had received in the overthrow of her cream, jelly, beverage ; cakes, spices, and other good matters, and now with the tumble in humbling himself before her, the Dane was fain to be carried away by the lacqueys to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state.

The next masque who appeared was Hope, personified by a fair dame, who

did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours vain, so that she withdrew, hoping the King would excuse her brevity. Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joined to good works, as she left the court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover in the dust a multitude of sins her sisters had committed. She endeavoured, however, in some sort to make obeisance, and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his Majesty. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and she presented a rich sword to the King, who did not accept it, but put it by with one hand. But though Victory, by a strange medley of versification, endeavoured to make suit to the King, she did not triumph long, for after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly

captive, and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the antichamber. Her companions, Hope, Faith, and Charity, had contrived to stroll down to an under chamber, where they slept off the paradisiacal joys of intoxication before the god of day shed sufficient light to question their sobriety. Peace now entered, and strove to get foremost to the King; but I grieve to tell the great wrath she discovered to her attendants; for, contrary to her pretensions to all semblance in her dress, she rudely made war with her olive branch, and laid heavily upon the pates of those who opposed her advance.

These may appear strange pageantries to the reader who has perused the prudish sobriety of Queen Elizabeth's reign. But the picture is real—the great ladies went well masqued, and if they could not conceal their failings, contrived at least to have the show of

modesty exhibited by concealing their countenances. It was pleasant to enter into all the gorgeous revels of Theobalds, where James rivalled his brother-in-law in princely carousals. But now approached the hour of bed-time for the youthful couple. They were shewn a room of state, no ceremony having been omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves; but the rarest part of all the sport was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other petty sorceries, which, though curious, are unseemly. There was, however, no small loss that night in chains and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were well enough served that they could keep out no better.

Next morning James gave the young couple a reveille-matin before they were up, and swore by the rood he should that day celebrate their nuptials by another fete.

CHAP. XI.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
 Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though performed at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.

HAMLET.

IN honour of the King of Denmark's arrival, and in fulfilment of his promise to Essex, James gave a very splendid entertainment to his court and the foreigners of distinction who then sojourned officially, or for pleasure, in England. Among the persons who had of late entirely engrossed the King's attention, was James Hay, of whom we have already spoken, and who became so great a favourite as to obtain knight-

hood and nobility in the short space of a few weeks. Robert Carr, his friend, acted in the capacity of a hanger-on till this period, but accident was now to place him in a more elevated station.

The King of Denmark was James's brother-in-law, and he was a great lover of sports of all kinds. The taste for tilts and tournaments though cherished, glowed only with the faint heat of an expiring passion. A romantic compliment to Elizabeth contributed to its duration in the last reign. Sir Henry Lee, Knight of the Garter, had vowed that he would, each year of his life, until disabled by age, present himself at the tilt yard as his sovereign's knight; and this gave rise to annual contentions in the lists. Twenty-five of the first persons in the nation, among whom were Lord Leicester, Sir Christopher Hatton and others, formed a society of arms. In 1590, Sir Henry Lee, yield-

ing to age and infirmities, resigned his honourable post, and solemnly invested the celebrated Earl of Cumberland with the envied dignity. This was a last effort to revive a pastime hallowed by time, and rendered brilliant by its serving as an apprenticeship to the more honourable, because more dangerous, achievements of the tented field. King James neither loved arms nor warlike sports, yet he resolved on entertaining the King of Denmark with a tilting match.

On this day Lord Hay, being of the society of arms, was appointed, among many others, to perform a tilting, and Robert Carr officiated as his squire. Carr was really beloved by the Lord Hay, who augured well of his bold disposition and his comely figure, commixed. Indeed, if Lord Hay had ranged over all the dependents of the court, he could not perhaps have lighted on a fitter person to do the duty of a squire.

As Squire Carr, according to the custom of this pastime, was carrying the Lord Hay's device to the King, and when he was about to alight from his horse, to perform his office, the restive steed started, and threw his rider. In the fall Master Carr broke his leg; and this accident, says the "Harleian Miscellany," being no less strange than sudden in such a place, caused the King to demand who the unfortunate gentleman was?

"Carr, your Majesty; Robert Carr is my name," said the disabled squire.

"Carr, Carr," quoth James, "thou's no Robin Carr that was once my ain page?"

"The same, so please your Highness," was Carr's reply.

"Carry him across the road to our palace," said the King, "and there let him be provided for, poor child, until

such time as he recovered of his hurt."

The King was obeyed ; and the sports of the day proceeded with all imaginable delight. In the evening the company were gratified with one of those revels for which the court of James was so famous ; this was a masque which combined the rich doings of carousals and sports of all kinds. The feast was magnificent, and the royal guests most lovingly embraced each other at table. The parliament had in the course of its duties provided liberally for James's hospitality, and he lavished its bounty in good living, shews, sights, and banquetings from morn to night.

In the evening the entertainment commenced with a "solemn dancing," in which the Queen footed it away in grave measures, followed by the corantoës, and the galliards, and this was

kept up with ceremony, till at length the company insensibly tript it away at Frenchmore and the cushion dance, when lords and ladies, knights and kitchen maids, grooms and dames of high degree, without a shadow of distinction, hobbled away to the royal tune of omnium-gatherum. To this succeeded hoity-toity, and la Volta, in which only the young nobility engaged, or persons of that ilk. But la Volta, according to Sir John Davies, if these lines, in his "Orchestra," are to be credited, was our famous waltz.

Yet there is one, the most delightful kind,
 A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
 Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwined,
 And whirl themselves in strict embracement's
 bound,
 And still their feet an anapest do sound;
 An anapest is all their music's song,
 Whose first two feet are short, the rest are long.

The dance was succeeded by the

Queen's masque in the Banqueting House, and this was indeed a pageant worth seeing. At the lower end of the room, there was a great engine which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors. At the opposite end, there was a great shell in the form of a shallop, wherein were four seats ;—on the lowest, sat Queen Anne, with my Lady Bedford ; on the rest were placed the Ladies Suffolk, Derby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham and Bevil. Their apparel was rich, but in the opinion of Winwood, too light and courtezan-like, for such great ones. Instead of vizards, they wore a black gause crape on their faces, and black gloves on their arms up to the elbow ; yet they were “ a troop of lean cheeked Moors.” The Kings sat in state, as did the Ambassadors of foreign pow-

ers, who were present. One of Ben Jonson's best masques was then performed to the court, after which, the Spanish Ambassador, Don Taxis, renewed the dance with Queen Anne, who trod it in stately footings, as long as the lusty old gallant could beat time to her favourite trolly-poly;—others followed the example of the Queen, nor did the pageant cease till the bugle summoned the company to the banquet in the great chamber.

The King of Denmark led in his sister, King James the Lady Suffolk, the nobles and strangers followed in pairs; and after the dainties under which the tables groaned were removed, King James standing up, gave as a toast, "the King of Denmark," and the royal guest having made a Danish speech, agreeably to the majesty of his conceptions, proposed the health of "James, by the grace of God," which being drank with

furious shouts of applause, the King of England returned thanks, saying " he was right glad to find the favour of the Lord was in Judea, in giving them one heart in doing and obeying the commandments of the King of Denmark."

James then addressing his courtiers, his Majesty said, " we'll now drink the Emperor," and the company did so.—In a word there was not a crowned head in Europe, whose health was not drank that night,—and the royal party broke up in a very flourishing condition, the King of Denmark requiring the assistance of Sir John Pooly and the Lord Hay to conduct him to his bedchamber.

" Ask me any gift, Pooly," said the Dane, " a—a—a—ny g—g—gift to the v—v—value of half my k—k—k—king—kingdom, and thou 'lt have it."

" Then have a large pair of stag's horns," said Philip Herbert, who was supporting the royal Dane's head and

shoulders, while the serving men were carrying him to his couch for the night.

The King overheard this, and replied "a very m—m—moderate request for a fool—Pooly, Pooly, thou 'lt hae th—thr—three th—th—thousand dol—lol—lol—lollars the morn."

The "morn," as Christern said, came, but whether Sir John Pooly actually got the three thousand dollars, we depone not; "the catastrophe of the House of Stuart" not being within our reach to-day. But on the morrow, James and his guests, accompanied by the whole court, repaired to Croydon Field, where the sports of horse-racing were to be exhibited.

Here were assembled an immense crowd, both English and Scotch; and Philip Herbert attended James, as his Master of the Horse. In the course of his duties around the field, Herbert came in contact with John Ramsay, a

Scottish gentleman, to whom he offered a personal rudeness, in driving him back from the course. Ramsay, who is better known in history as the assassin of the unfortunate Alexander Gowry, with great courage lifted his horse-whip, and struck Herbert over the head and face, bidding him take that as an insolent minion. A maimed fellow named Pinchback, a roaring captain, who had but two fingers on his hand, upon witnessing this affair, seized his dagger, and rode about the field exclaiming, "let us break our fast with them here, and dine with the rest at London."

But the King rode up at this moment and charged Herbert, on his allegiance, not to return the blow, a precaution for which there seemed little need, as the doughty Master of the Horse, finding none of his blood was spilt, cared little about his reputation. As to Pinchback, the fellow wished to make it a national

quarrel; but the effeminacy of Herbert preserved the King's peace.

"The honour," said James, "is only due to God, whose miraculous power has this day been no less manifested in raising so much phlegm in a man so nobly born, as might master so great a fury, than when he discovered to Sampson a cold fountain in the jaw-bone of an ass—wherefore, kneel down Philip Herbert, and rise Sir Philip, Lord Herbert of Shurland, and Earl of Montgomery."

Herbert rose now a knight, a baron, an earl, but he rose to receive the reproaches of his mother, who was that sister of Sir Philip Sidney to whom he addressed his "Arcadia."

The Lady Pembroke, Herbert's mother, on hearing the tidings of her son's disgrace, in receiving a blow and not resenting it, gave the rein to her palfry, and cantered briskly up to that part of

the field where the King was surrounded by his favourites and ministers, for there was a radical distinction between these two classes of courtiers—

“What is this I hear of thee, Philip Herbert,” said the all accomplished lady. “Hast thou torn to rags, to very tatters, that coat of arms, on which honour is the shield?”

“Madam,” quoth Herbert, laughing, “I tore my coat of arms to staunch much blood, which might this day have been shed.”

“Slave and varlet!” exclaimed Lady Pembroke, “let it prove fatal to the last Scot that remains in the land, the Royal Family excepted: resent thou that insult, or no longer boast thyself of the noble blood of Herbert, and of Sidney.”

“Lady Pembroke, Lady Pembroke,” cried the King, “what needs there all this to do—And for you Ramsay, this

insolency in my presence was not well timed."—Then turning his horse's head, he seized the bridle of the Lady Pembroke's palfry, and begun to remonstrate with her; but she disregarded all the fine speeches his Majesty made, and in bitter terms called her son coward and poltroon.

The Queen had by this time come up to the royal station on the course, and added her entreaties to those of James, to persuade the Lady Pembroke to retire; but in vain; for in the agony and distress of her soul she abandoned the reins of her steed, wrung her hands, and tore her hair. And while the attention of a few was occupied at this point of view, that of the rest of the sportsmen and spectators was directed to the marshalling of two parties, the one English and the other Scotch, as if resolved to terminate this quarrel agreeably to the suggestion of maimed

Pinchback. The Lord Bruce was joined by Ramsay and the other Scots on the field, and to this party Sir Edward Sackville attached himself also, out of respect for the Lord Bruce. The Earl of Northumberland seemed to rally round him the bulk of the English, who were excited to revenge by the furious cries of the discontented, who shouted aloud these homely verses in derision and contempt of their Caledonian intruders ;

They beg our lands, our goods, our lives,
They switch our nobles, and lie with their wives.

But James, who foresaw the consequence of trifling with this irritable disposition shewn by both nations, caused the trumpets to sound for the racers to appear at the starting-post, and galloping himself up to where the English were gathering, he offered to bet with any gentleman a purse of one hundred

gold Henries on the first heat.—Over the generous and sportive mind of the chafed Englishmen, this proposal acted like magic; they forgot that a nobleman of their number had not the capacity to resent an injury on a craven Scot, and twenty voices offered to take the King's bet.

James was sufficiently politic, though very timorous in his nature; he professed all the attachment of a son, a brother, a father, to the English; he joined in all their sports, in every part of their religious ceremonies, and with their laws he professed himself enchanted;—towards the Scots he bore himself with an awful reverence, for he certainly looked upon them as the lion supporter of his crown, while the unicorn might be fitly represented by his title from Henry VII. as the other supporter.—And by a dexterous manoeuvre on his return from the field, the King

effectually won the hearts of his English subjects whom the insolence of Ramsay had offended—Ramsay nevertheless had his reward, for in acknowledgment of his gratitude to this feudal bravo, who stabbed Gowry to the heart, James conferred on him the honour of knighthood, with an additional bearing to his coat of arms, a hand holding forth a dagger and reversed proper, piercing a bloody heart, the point crowned imperial with this motto—*Hæc dextra vindex Principis et Patriæ*. The same Sir John Ramsay was afterwards created Lord Haddington, and Earl of Holderness; but whether in token of his switching Herbert, this deponent saith not. The now King published his book of sports, encouraging the people to such diversions on a Sunday as had prevailed during the late reigns, and which, though railed against by the Puritans, were in high favour with the people,

with whom the persecution of the unoffending Recusants was but another name for piety to Heaven.

A short time only was necessary to restore Master Carr to the use of his limbs, and as soon as he was able to appear at court, the Lord James Hay presented him to the King. James instantly discovered in Robert Carr traces of a fine gentleman, or such an assemblage of qualifications as seemed requisite to make the character complete. In his favourites the King sought not men of splendid talents, of acute wit, and great knowledge of Foreign parts. None of his minions appear graced with the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I mean a man completely qualified for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight of society. In mind none of them appear adorned with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human na-

ture is capable of. Is the understanding of Herbert clear ? The reason of Hume free from prejudice ? Does Hay discover a steady judgment ? And shall we seek, for extensive knowledge in Robert Carr ? The heart of a gentleman is firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion and benevolence ; his manners are modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. Besides, the favourite of a King should run through a long series of education ; he should be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to foreign courts and camps ; his mind must be opened by travel ; his views of the politics and interests of foreign states must be

gained by observation, and not merely from books ; and besides the polish and fashion of the world, he must add the ornaments of languages, and the bodily exercises most in vogue.

In these, a smattering of French, and some skill in bodily exercises, the Lord Hay and Master Robert Carr possessed some knowledge, and great acquaintance with the least part of a gentleman's accomplishments, a taste for dress. Herbert has now appeared before the reader in the exact portraiture of the renowned squire to whom he has been likened. With the leash of Scots who now entirely engrossed the King's attention, we shall have much to do. Carr was no sooner presented to James, than he appointed him a groom of the bed-chamber. In this situation the young man exercised great diligence, which the King repaid by shewing him ex-

traordinary favour, doubling the merit of every action in estimation; so that many of the elder servants about his Majesty's person were neglected and obscured, that Master Carr might be graced and dignified. "Thus the hand of the diligent maketh rich; and the dutiful servant cometh to honour." In a word, Robert Carr without fraud to obtain, or desert to continue his promotion, becomes the chief favourite of King James. There was no suit could be procured, no petition presented, no grant sought, no letter delivered, but by the direct mediation of Robert Carr. Suitors bribed him with great rewards, the King requited his service with large sums of money. With his favour his wealth daily increased, with the augmentation of both his honours multiplied. In him it was truly and shrewdly observed, that riches dignify

their owners, equally with virtue ; for he rose from the humble situation of a page, to the honour of knighthood.

As soon as Sir Robert felt his consequence, he enlisted in his service his particular acquaintance, Thomas Overbury ; and though in the fair way to be spoiled by the King's excessive indulgence, our young knight had sense enough to be guided in all his actions by the more accomplished mind of Overbury. It was at a convivial entertainment at Carr's one evening, that Overbury suggested a project which soon enabled the favourite to surpass all the ministers of James, in his Majesty's own opinion.—This was an alliance in marriage of his grace's daughter, the Lady Elizabeth, with a son of the Elector Palatine of Germany, then the most powerful friend of the Protestant cause on the continent.—“ If his Majesty seems inclined to

this," said Overbury to his friend, "and propose to reward you; in a delicate way, avoid accepting further honour, on the plea of poverty to support it—should the King propose a grant of land, endeavour to get his Grace's permission to truck with Raleigh for the Manor of Sherbourne—you can explain to the King, it was part of the see of Salisbury; and that Elizabeth's knight, on going to take possession, fell from his horse and broke his leg, ominous enough, that his neck will be broken unless he part with it, though the King can confiscate it even now—the prerogative of his Majesty, in his eyes being like that of Bourdeaux, son of the Black Prince, above the laws of England."*

Sir Robert Carr lost no time in suggesting to the King the important pro-

* The judges in Richard II.'s time, declared the King to be above the law.

ject of a matrimonial alliance of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine's son, denominated the Plasgrave. James not only approved of the idea, but was transported with the plan—"Sir Robert Carr," said the King, "we will create you Viscount Rochester."

"But your Majesty," said the Favourite, who took now unpardonable liberties in speech and advice with the King, "I lack fortune to sustain this new honour."

"There's land enough in England, and thou shalt not want," answered the King.

"Might I propose to Sir Walter Raleigh, your Grace's prisoner, some hopes, and thereby secure his manor of Sherbourne?" said the Favourite.

"Lookye, Robin," replied James, "Sherbourne manor is even now in abeyance to us.—The traitor is dead in law, albeit we have spared him in our mercy,

shooting like a jubar from our crown.—
But go to him and make thy own terms
with him, and *cum sua voluntate vel
contra voluntatem*, we will *ab nostro
facto* escheat fair Sherbourne to our
noble cousin Rochester.”

The Viscount succeeded and obtained possession of the coveted domain ; but Raleigh, from whom the offer of Sherbourne Castle first seemed to come, found in the end that he was cozened by a juggler ; Rochester had not the power to procure the knight his liberty, and James was too much the creature of fear to suffer such a man to be at large. But the confinement of Sir Walter was cheered by the company of a nobler person as prisoner than he had expected to be honoured with. This was the Earl of Northumberland, whose incarceration was owing to the discovery of the gunpowder plot, which

every ragged dirty urchin in the land celebrates annually with its Guy Fawkes, a bonfire, and a pennyworth of gunpowder:—though we have ample materials beside us to make an interesting romance from this event, we forbear to tax the reader's patience by details destitute of novelty; but it shall not be our task to use any endeavour to shake the faith of the credulous in that right awful plot! The favourers alike, and the enemies of James, allowed that the gunpowder treason sprung out of the despair of the Catholics; and the Lord Henry Howard enlarged on this point at the trial of the "conspirators." "That false priest Watson, and the arch traitor Percy," a relation of the Earl of Northumberland, "were the chief diviners of this accursed complot," from which that nobleman derived misfortune and disgrace.

The discovery of this plot is usually

understood to be owing to a personal kindness of Thomas Percy to the Lord Monteagle, eldest son of the Earl of Morley ; but the court never shewed any original favour to the family of the Lord Morley, which may strengthen the report, that the Marquis de Beaumont, by command of his master, Henry IV. of France, disclosed the whole of the conspiracy to King James at Theobalds. True it is, that Cecil, in his speech upon Digby's trial, gives Lord Monteagle high credit for the discovery ; and, if an annuity of five hundred pounds granted for his life, and a pension of two hundred pounds to him and his heirs for ever, be sufficient to establish the popular opinion on this head, there would be little merit in disturbing that opinion by reasonings which belong to the graver page of historical narration, rather than to the more flippant details of brilliant romance.

Henry Percy, ninth Earl of North-

umberland, was by the court; at the instigation of the ministers faction, treated with unsparing cruelty on account of his relationship to Thomas Percy, a ring-leader in the gunpowder treason. After all the scrutiny I have been able to give this affair, on which, I freely confess, I am very incredulous, I could never discover one line of argument to convince me, that the noble Earl had any thing more to do with his relation's guilt, than I had to do with the Cato Street conspirators. But be that as it may, the Earl was imprisoned in the Tower, from whence he was carried before the court of the Star Chamber, and there convicted of six several contempts, misprisions and offences. The grand charge seems to have been "for endeavouring to be head of the papists, and to procure them toleration." The cant in the remaining counts of the indictment, might gratify Cecil and the Howards, but it is

devoid of reason, and utterly unworthy the grave deliberations of statesmen. But the jugglers who tried Northumberland, adjudged him "to pay a fine to the use of his majesty, of thirty thousand pounds, and to be displaced and removed from the place of a privy counsellor, and from being captain of his majesty's pensioners, and from being lieutenant of any of his majesty's counties, and from all and every other offices which he held of his majesty's grace and favour ; and hereafter to be disabled to take upon him or exercise any of the said offices and places, and to return prisoner to the Tower of London, there to remain during his life."

This was the summit of the ministers revenge : they had disposed of Grey, Cobham, and Raleigh, before James knew either the temper or disposition of the people he was called to govern ; and, certainly before the King could

appreciate the character of Sir Walter Raleigh. Now they subjected to a cruel imprisonment, and in the prime of his life, the only man who seemed possessed of vigour enough to do his country service, by preventing some of those invasions on the liberty of the subject, which followed the tragedy of the gunpowder plot. James was easy and goodnatured, fond of recreation, and fonder still of pleasures; a bigot in religion, and a fool in respect to the treasures of his people. He was surrounded by needy and spendthrift favourites; and his counsels were directed by crafty and avaricious statesmen, who found that all they could wring from the nation, and bring into the Exchequer, was too little to meet the extravagance of their majesties, whose maxim seemed to be "all for ourselves."

CHAP. XII.

—Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloakes,
Doublets, I think flew up ; and had their faces
Been loose this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the time of war, would shake the grass
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there ; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

Nothing could exceed the King's gratitude for the deliverance wrought in his favour, by the discovery of the gun-powder plot, which in all time to come was to be annually celebrated, as well as

the Gowrie conspiracy. But, indeed, there seems a strange coincidence in both these plots. The latter happened, when James was yet in Scotland, and, at a juncture when every thing and every party seemed to promote his interest. The church interfered not with his authority, the private quarrels of the nobility were gradually subsiding, and if the Gowrie conspiracy ever existed, it was assuredly one of the worst concerted which the history of treason can produce, for the circumstances were of the wildest character that barbarous times have handed down to posterity; and if the plot had succeeded, it is marvellous what advantage any of the conspirators could reap from it.

But look at the narrative which James himself gave to the public. Lord Gowrie and his brother Alexander Ruthven, (of that ilk who first plunged a dagger in David Rizzio,) were the

sons of the Earl of Gowrie, put to death in 1584 for treason. They were accomplished young men, of amiable characters, had a more than common share of learning, were much favoured by the King, and exceedingly beloved in the northern counties of Scotland. On the 5th of August, 1600, James was at his hunting palace, called Falkland, not far from Perth, the seat of the Gowrie and Ruthven popularity. He was at an early hour proceeding in search of sport, when Alexander Ruthven met him, and with great confusion and earnestness, informed him, that he had seized a suspicious fellow, who had under his cloak a large pot full of money, and that he detained him for his majesty's examination. Money was an irresistible bait to the needy Prince, and, although not satisfied, he was persuaded by his informer to ride without attendants to Lord Gowrie's, where the bearer

of the treasure, (whom James immediately supposed to be an emissary of the Pope or the King of Spain,) was kept in hold. They entered the castle by a private way, and, ascending a blind staircase to a small obscure room, they found a man standing, armed at all points. Ruthven, suddenly altering his behaviour, told the King, that, as he had slain the father of Gowrie, and of him, he must die, to expiate his offence. James reasoned with Alexander Ruthven, defended his own conduct, and so far staggered his sanguinary plan, that Alexander left the room, but soon returned denouncing death to the hapless Prince, and endeavouring to tie his hands while he held a dagger to his breast. The armed man, who had been frightened by the King into an agony of terror, stood trembling by, when James, exerting his utmost strength and overpowering Ruthven, gained the win-

dow, and calling to his attendants, they forced a passage, relieved the King, and killed both the Gowries. The clergy of Scotland disbelieved the King's account; but the members of a convention more courtly in their faith, sat in judgment over the mangled bodies of the young men, whom they condemned as guilty of treason; their lands were forfeited; the name of Ruthven declared infamous, and an annual day of thanksgiving for the royal escape, unanimously directed to be observed by all good subjects. Robertson, who has taken considerable pains to unravel this conspiracy, says in conclusion: "When every other surmise has failed, may we not ask whether the unprincipled, intriguing Anne of Denmark, might not somehow be concerned in this strange affair?" There are some hints given among Winwood's papers of her attachment to Alexander Ruthven, whose personal beauty was extraor-

dinary; and of the King's uneasiness on that account.

James, in the height of his joy for the deliverance granted him, in respect of the gunpowder plot, proposed sending the Lord Hay, now Viscount Doncaster and Earl of Carlisle; Ambassador Extraordinary to the French court, to treat, as was publicly given out, with Henry IV, in favour of the Huguenots. The Viscount, on the eve of his departure, gave a grand entertainment at Essex House, though, from his vain prodigality, he was obliged to borrow the money from the *Burcifer Regis*; a gentleman, whom many of my readers may have heard called by the vulgar name of the Privy Purse. It was then the fashion for the nobles to exercise their skill with the rapier and dagger; and amongst those who distinguished themselves at this entertainment, was Lord Sanguire, who in this exercise shewed

his superiority to several gay young gallants, who prided themselves in their skill in the science of self-defence ; their tutor, one Turner, offered himself as a swordsman before his Lordship, who considered this as somewhat insolent on the part of Turner, but took his position and commenced balancing his foil, requesting Turner to play with him as with a scholar. Turner felt piqued at the defeat his scholars had met with, and strove to put an affront upon Lord Sanguire, who still begged the fellow to consider he was not a master of defence. The young Lord, now, in his turn, resolved to be even with the swordsman, esteeming it no little conquest to disgrace a master in the art of defence ; and the man, thereupon, with a bold rudeness, pressed so hard upon his Lordship, that he thrust one of the Baron's eyes out. Great was the confusion created by this catastrophe, and none

could regret the mischief more than Turner: the Baron too, was conscious that he meant his adversary some ill, and therefore took the accident with as much patience as men that lose one eye by their own default.

Prince Henry, who made one of the party, felt much hurt at the Baron's coldness, and rebuked Turner so sharply for his conduct, that several men of high degree besought the prince in Turner's behalf; among these were young Essex, and the Viscount Rochester, a person whom the reader has hitherto known as Sir Robert Carr, who begged hard for the fencing master, and they were joined in their entreaties by the Lady Frances Essex. "For your sake, Lady Frances," said the Prince, "I will stay my rage, but the fellow deserves to be bastinadoed in the tilt-yard every day during Lent, and put in the

bilboes till his brain becomes as cold as the point of his foil."

"Good, your Highness," rejoined the Lady Frances, "though it be a woman that saith it, you shall find it always true, that anger like fear, retains a power to stamp upon the fancy what figures she pleases; therefore I would not have my Prince be angry with a swordsman, since iron is of more use than gold, though pride usually rates it and jewels at the highest price."

"A sensible observation, indeed, my Lady Essex," said the Lord Keeper, who was by at the time; and the Prince was so delighted with its application, that his brow was instantly dilated by the good humour of his mind, and his eyes flashed with joy on those of the young bride, who seemed to think her own showed more witchery or softness when she kept them half shut.

Doncaster proceeded on his embassy,

but as he was also to visit the Stadtholder, he landed at Rotterdam, and next morning proceeded to the Hague. The expences of this dashing spendthrift, for "two meals, amounted only to eleven hundred gilders," or little more than one hundred pounds sterling of the currency of England in the beginning of the seventeenth century; but then Doncaster was the representative of a great King, who in the end felt ashamed to tell his parliament how much money the Viscount's journey cost the nation. The Ambassador was expected to go also into Germany, and the innkeeper of the Peacock at Dort, made great provisions for his Excellency, upon no other order but a bare fancy that he would certainly come that way. Doncaster, however, travelled by Utrecht, and mine host of the Peacock at Dort followed him, complaining that "he was much prejudiced by his Excellency's baulking the good

town of Dort, for, hearing of a great ambassador's coming, and what he had expended at Rotterdam, I" said the man, "made preparations suitable, and now they will all lie on my hands."

"Deuce take the fellow," said John Gibb, who was *Burcifer viæ*, "what shall I doe wi' him, my lord?"

"Give him thirty pounds, Johnny," said Doncaster, "albeit, we ne'er tasted o' his cup;" and the officious steward obeyed the commands of his master. But then, the Viscount actually had in his train a great many noblemen's sons and other persons of quality, that the nations he visited might admire the glory of the English. Howbeit he was out long, following the Emperor in his progresses, from city to camp, and from camp to city, so that "his expense could not amount to less than fifty and three score thousand pounds."— Having at length dispatched, with unaffected courtesy, his mission to the Em

peror, the noble Viscount repaired to the King of the French, and there also supported his quality with the bearing of a man every way insinuating and accomplished in the vanities of grandeur and prodigality of ambassage.

Henry Quatre, having signified on what day he would give the representative of his brother, King James, an audience, all the arguments and disputes between Doncaster and his train were how they should go to Court.

“Coaches like curtains,” quoth the Viscount, “will eclipse the splendour of so many brave gallants.”

“And riding on horseback in boots,” reiterated Essex, who was one of the Viscount’s suite, “riding in boots will make us look like travellers, not courtiers.”

Lord Sanquire, who had now joined the ambassador, though not completely cured of the wound in his eye, wore a

black patch over it, and could join in the procession, but observed "that not having all footcloths, it would be an unsuitable mixture." Those who brought rich trappings for their horses were willing to have them seen, so it was concluded for the footcloth, and those who had none, to their bitter cost, must furnish themselves.

This preparation begat expectation, and that filled all the windows, balconies, and streets of Paris, as the Viscount and his train passed, with a multitude of spectators. Six trumpeters and two marshals led the way dressed in tawny velvet liveries, completely suited, laced all over with gold and richly and closely laid. The ambassador followed with a numerous train of pages and footmen in the same rich livery surrounding his horse. The residue of his train, according to their qualities and degrees, in as much bravery as they could devise of.

procure, followed in couples to the wonderment of the beholders. The ambassador's horse was shod with silver shoes, lightly tacked on, and when Doncaster came to any balcony or window, where persons of eminence, or beautiful females were placed, he immediately touched the flanks of his steed, and the noble animal, prancing and curvetting in humble reverence, flung away his shoes, which the greedy rabble scrambled for, to the great delight of the English and the astonishment of the French, who considered our ancestors a nation of shopkeepers like the avaricious Dutch, who, as C. J. Fox observed of the British seamen, "earn their money like horses and spend it like asses."

The Viscount, in the mean time, was contented to be gazed on and admired, till a farrier, or rather an argentier, in one of his rich liveries, among his train of footmen, out of a tawny velvet bag, took other shoes and tacked them on,

where they remained till the liberal Ambassador came to the next troop of grantees, when the ceremony of prancing and curvetting again took place, and another scramble commenced for the silver shoes, which the noble steed threw away like pieces of clay that had for a time encumbered his hoof.

After many of these exhibitions on the part of the Viscount, his horse and argentier, the cavalcade reached the Louvre, and his excellency and suite were presented to Henry Quatre. The French Monarch admired the pageant much, talked with great affability to the young Earl of Essex, and turning to the Lord Sanquire, addressed him as an old friend with whom his Majesty had long been acquainted. The Baron acknowledged with much politeness the attention of the King, but when his Majesty, in the course of conversation, understanding that he had lost an eye in a rencontre, asked him emphatically, " If the man

yet lived who had done him such an injury?" The colour fled the cheek of the Lord Sanquire, who unfortunately understood the question as a hint, that his honour could not subsist with the life of Turner.

"Your Majesty knows," said the Duke of Lorrain, a little vexed at the question put to the Scottish baron, "your Majesty knows that the laws of England are very severe against duels, and King James administers those laws with the wisdom of a second Solomon."

Henry of France laughed, and added to the speech of the Duke of Lorrain, "Your Highness is right, I believe: the King of England is indeed a second Solomon; but I hope he is not David, the fidler's son." This was a positive insult to King James, but it was slurred over by Lord Sanquire, who felt too much pain in his own breast to think of resenting an affront offered to his prince; and

the ambassador was engaged at the moment in conversation with some of his countrymen, who belonged to the guard da corps that were in attendance, so that he to whom it particularly belonged to take notice of this affair, did not then know any thing of it, and when it was afterwards mentioned to him by King James, the surprise of Doncaster was only equalled by the sovereign's indignation towards the unfortunate Lord Sanguire.

The young Earl of Essex proceeded on his travels through the continent, the Lords Hay and Sanguire returned to England, where Rochester now engrossed universal attention. Among the persons on whom Rochester most depended for guidance and direction, was Thomas Overbury, of that ilk between whom and the Viscount there existed in the world's eyes not only a friendship but an indissoluble bond, neither could there be more friend-

ship used, since there was nothing so secret, nor any matter so private, but the favourite imparted it to Mr. Overbury. Rochester, with all his good fortune was not insensible to the obligations he owed Overbury, and took occasion to introduce him to Cecil, who was now growing into years. The Lord Secretary soon discovered the extraordinary abilities of Overbury, and conjured Rochester, as he loved the King and hoped to serve himself, on no account to quit the friendship of the shrewd lawyer. With the King there was no favour denied that Rochester asked, and since knighthood was the order of the day, that his Pythias might be the more upon a level with himself, he asked the King to knight Thomas Overbury. This suit was seconded by both Cecil and the Earl of Suffolk. James complied with their petition, or rather their Lordships' recommendation, (for there is a classical correctness in calling

things by their right names in the presence of our judges) and Thomas Overbury was dignified with the title of Sir.

The Countess of Essex, young, gay and witty, flirted perpetually about the Court, in the company of such belles as graced the masques of Queen Anne, or the banquets of Prince Henry. Her parents were in the zenith of power and greatness; she was caressed by the Queen, admired by the beaux, and chiefly by the Prince and Rochester. But the Lady Frances still remembered the insult offered to her lord by the King's son when at tennis, and though her uncle, Lord Henry Howard, now Earl of Northampton, strove much and long to gain her good will towards the Prince, she disliked the perpetual gravity of his countenance and the look of his eye which served more for command and reprehension than for entreaty and love. Besides, though his Highness gave banquets, with magnificent and even prince-

ly dignity, there were nobles in the land who daily feasted two hundred dependants; and Prince Henry looked with a special eye that nothing should be spent in disorder, or the charge made greater through the want of foresight or well managing in his officers, among whom he ever affected a demonstration of princely greatness, and that all things should pass with decency and decorum, and without all rudeness, noise or disorder.

Rochester, on the other hand, gave splendid entertainments, and even sought to rival Prince Henry. His prodigality was immense; his excess of riot seemed inexhaustible; the profusion displayed in his dress and his household came up even to what the oldest and richest of the nobility could boast. Rochester practised none of the English ancient customs because he was a stranger to their manners; the strictness and severity that

many honourable families of the land observed, he scorned and contemned, applauding things strange and new, though never so costly, and for the attaining of which he neither spared purse nor credit. His bravoes committed all manner of crimes with impunity ; they ran into debt in all places, and when dunned for payment, only laughed their creditors into a reference to " my Lord Rochester." If the roaring boys of Northampton sought a quarrel, the bravadoes of Rochester were at hand to nourish it. If the boneventors of Doncaster encountered the quarterers of another noble, the factions of the other favourites would defend them from the danger of the law. In a word, the ale-houses, dicing-houses, taverns and hosteries of vice and iniquity, beyond measure were filled with the creatures and dependants of the favourites and ministers, there being, at the period of which we write,

“ as much extortion for sin, as there was raking for rents,” and as many ways to spend money, as there were turnings and windings in the streets and lanes of the good city of London. To outward appearance, evil seemed to overmatch good, and evil intentions and wicked counsels seemed to prosper more than those that were profitable to the commonwealth, and honourable to the councillors.

Sir Thomas Overbury was now no longer hedged in by the obscurity of a student at law in the Temple; he shone in all the splendour of his patron Rochester, who, at one of those splendid entertainments which he gave to the court, so offended Prince Henry, that Overbury took no small pains to effect a reconciliation, but unfortunately without success. With Rochester this was desired with that cool and unblushing character, by which he was in great emergencies peculiarly distinguished;

but with Overbury it was sought with zeal and sincerity, no less than by the Earl of Northampton.

It happened that in the course of conversation, the Earl had touched upon his favourite theme, the gunpowder plot ; for having recently abjured Catholicism, he judged the best proof he could give of being a good Protestant, was by vaunting “ that the skull of faithless Percy now stood sentinel where he was once captain pioneer ; (alluding to the head of Percy, stuck on the House of Lords) and Lambeth was now Catesby’s horizon that was his arsenal. There,” continued the Earl, “ there their giddy pates are left *tanquam malus navis*, like the mast of a ship, to use the prophet’s phrase, to warn passengers by what just disaster these roving pirates came to their unhappy end : especially for seeking the golden fleece, not by Jason’s merit but by Medea’s.

sorcery. But the Percy may thank his cousin of Northumberland."

"Gramercie!" exclaimed Prince Henry, "my Lord of Northampton it comes not well in my presence to speak so of the Earl of Northumberland, of that ilk who would have drawn his sword in my father's favour, but that ye, of the houses of Howard and Cecil prevented I trow; nevertheless, ye have made him captive, disgraced and insulted over him;—and Fortescue, that did oppose the succession, enjoys his liberty without any more considerable loss than he might sustain by the exchange of the Chancellor's place in the Exchequer for that in the Duchy of Lancaster."

"A very proper speech," cried Primrose, the Prince's foster-brother; but a look from Henry closed the lips of his officious parasite. Northampton bit his lip, as much from the reproof he met

with from one so young, as from the knowledge he had of the Prince's popularity in the city ; and Rochester, who considered himself bound to support the part the Earl was acting, said, " That it was well seen why Henry Percy allowed Sir Walter Raleigh a pension of one hundred and twenty-six pounds yearly, albeit the world attributed this bounty to Northumberland's generous favour of all good learning, and the obscure parts of the sciences, especially the mathematics."

For once in his life, the gravity of Prince Henry's face relaxed, and he smiled at the insolence and ignorance of Rochester, for whom, even the stout champion, Northampton, blushed.

Prince Henry rose from table and walked away, saying, as he leant on the arm of his faithful friend Primrose—
" Heard'st thou ever language like that,

there is a speech for the companion of the first clerk in Christendom—and he talked so of Raleigh. Why, Primrose, none but my father would keep such a bird in a cage.—And Northampton blushed; but such a blush! why, Primrose, it savoured of carmine daubed on the hollow cheeks of a death's head."

The company Prince Henry left revelled it bravely, but Rochester considered himself rumped by the Prince, and resolved to be even with him the first opportunity that offered.

The Prince a few days afterwards gave a masque at his house in St. James's, to which were invited all the lords and ladies of the court, except the Viscount Rochester and his friend the Earl of Northampton. Rochester now considered how he should revenge the affront on the Prince, but Northampton considering this a personal insult, prevailed on his niece, the Countess of Ro-

sex, not to attend. The Prince in vain, among the masquers, sought to discover the young Countess. .

The ladies who were present could not perceive by his Highness's behaviour when they removed their vizards the least appearance of any particular inclination to any of them. It was rumoured at length, that Rochester that night gave a supper, an entertainment but lately come into fashion ; but one in which King James and his favourites took great delight, because of the privacy and jollity which attended their repast, at an hour when the citizens were drowned in sleep, and bereft alike of the cares of business and the supercilious looks of the courtiers, who rioted at the nation's charge.

Prince Henry in despair left his house in disguise, and repaired to Rochester's, where the King, Queen Anne, the Howards, and Salisburies, enjoyed their revel. To his mother he complained

of the disappointment he had met with, in not having the pleasure of her Majesty's company that evening; the Queen excused herself, by declaring that the Viscount's party was a previous engagement, and the Countess of Essex alledged that she must needs be in attendance upon her Majesty. "But could your Highness's eye cull out no wanton beauty?" said the Queen.

"He wanted his setters, that could spread their nets," quoth the Lady Frances, not giving the Prince time to reply.

"In good sooth, fair lady," said the Prince, "I did; and it will go hard with me, if I ere cast amorous glances where any she at court is captivated with the growing fortunes of a favourite rather than a King's son."

The young Countess wounded deeply by this speech, and to repay his Highness, took advantage of an ex-

aggrated and infamous scandal then current, and with frolicsome glee, sung softly and sweetly in Prince Henry's ear :—

“ O the bonny Earl of Murray,
He was the Queen's love.”

The Earl of Murray, it is well known, was accused of aiding or abetting the attempt of the seditious Earl of Bothwell upon James's person, and the King accordingly despatched Huntly with a summons, to bring him to his presence. The popular ballad of “ Child Waters” refers probably to the same catastrophe ; and the conduct of the King, in entrusting this commission to Huntly, a hostile and rival baron, casts a strong suspicion, that the jealousy of James had some foundation in truth, and argues him to have been at least indifferent as to the consequences that might

have been foreseen. Murray, when summoned, stood on his defence, and a shot from his house killed one of Huntly's friends. They then fired the house; Dunbar, the sheriff of Murray, rushed out first, with the generous intention of sacrificing himself to preserve his friend. But as Murray himself burst through the flames, his long hair caught fire, and by its light he was traced down the rocks at the sea side, and slain with repeated wounds. John Gordon of Buckie, who struck the first blow, insisted that Huntly should stab the earl also; and, as he wounded him in the face, Murray said while expiring, "Ye hae spoiled a better face than your ain."

Prince Henry perfectly well understood the application of the Countess's song, though it does not appear from his pious biographer that he was privy to the calumny respecting his parentage,

afterwards recorded by Sir Edward Peyton. Distressed by the singularly pert words which the Countess warbled in his ear, the Prince left the company at Rochester's, and hastened to his own masquers, where he had not long arrived, ere a pair of strange masques were announced, as Eloisa and Abelard.

“ This is indeed an unlooked for pleasure,” said the Prince, as the masques entered, in the costume of the twelfth century ; “ but who are they that represent two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion ? ”

To this question none could reply ; at length chance or design on the part of Eloisa, did for the Prince what his courtiers were unable to accomplish. She and Abelard were separated, and Henry, to his great delight, found he had in the person of Eloisa the good

fortune to discover the young and lovely Countess of Essex.

“ Oh ! my lord ! ” she whispered, “ pardon my offence, ’twas indeed wrong not to ground all my hopes on your Highness’s favour — But the Earl of Northampton— ”

“ Well, well, my dearest lady Countess,” replied the Prince, “ the Earl of Northampton, and the Viscount Rochester. I know the innate qualities of your uncle derived from virtue, and the arrogance of the favourite, derived from the grace of my liege the King. But what would my Eloisa, thou lovely picture of grace and nature, of virtue and passion ? ”

“ Holy virgin ! ” exclaimed the Countess, “ do my ears deceive me ? Do I indeed hear the voice of his Highness in tones of pity for my offence, proclaim my pardon ? ”

“Then I’ll seal it with this buss,” interrupted the Prince.

“For shame, Henry,” said the Countess, replacing her vizard; though inwardly she rejoiced, that she had caught the eye and won the heart of his Highness.

“Good, your Highness, good,” whispered a masque, who personated Friar Bacon, “good, Prince Henry, good: that spark of grace in thee shews some lustre of thy royal bearing; but beware of Abelard, he bears himself too portly for thy house.”

“Magician, what meanest thou?” demanded the Prince.

“That Abelard will conspire the ruin of him who would steal the heart of Eloisa,” said the Friar. “But see, the penitent nun has doft a glove—pray your Highness to present it to her,” said the masque, offering the glove to the Prince,

and adding at the same time, "'Tis a softer skin than her own, or any other that hath been worn by Rochester."

"Thanks, thou philosophic monk," replied the Prince; "but Henry Stuart scorns it, since it hath been stretched by another." "By Rochester," said the Prince to himself, musing and sauntering in the group.

"Happy am I this hath taken," said the monk to himself, stealing out of the crowd, "the heroic qualities of Prince Henry, that gave the law to his more advised actions, will yet raise him out of the slumber of that distemper in which he reaped the fruits of the Lady Frances's frailty."

"Villain!" whispered Abelard into the ear of Friar Bacon's representative, "I'll cut thy henbane tongue by the roots," and as he said this withdrew his vizard, to discover who uttered the

the threat. It was Rochester. Friar Bacon was beckoned at this moment by Prince Henry to follow him, and did not therefore disclose to Abelard who he was. "Villain!" whispered Abelard again, "tell the Prince if thou darest, that the fortunes of Rochester afford more hope to the young Countess of Essex, than the uncertain and hopeless love of his Highness."

"Hold, hold, hold," exclaimed Eloisa, who had by this time joined Abelard. "For Heaven's sake, and mine, hold, Rochester, dearest Rochester, repress this indignation—the Prince is gracious—indeed he is." Then turning to Friar Bacon, she was about to speak, but the monk prevented her by saying, "this glove, religious lady, belongs to thee; I would have wished to have given the Prince some pleasure, by making him its bearer to thy fair hand, but he scorn-

ed it, because, said his Highness, 'it had been stretched by another.' ”

Fire flashed from the eyes of Eloisa, but without betraying any of those symptoms of fear or weakness which throw a charm around her sex in moments of peril and agitation, she put her arm within Abelard's, and they disappeared from Friar Bacon's view. The Friar did not, however, obey the beckoning summons of Prince Henry, but mingled among the masquers, who were in high glee, entertaining themselves with the representative of the town-crier of Westminster, who was advertising a runaway page, and offering a reward for his apprehension.

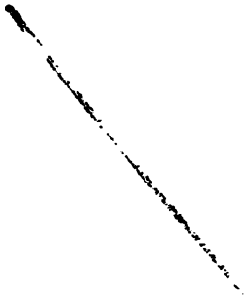
But long ere the bellman had gone over his “hue and cry,” the company began to separate, and Prince Henry retired to bed, but not to sleep, for his rest was disturbed by the reflections of the evening; but he could not help alternately admir-

ing and despising the gay and coquettish Countess of Essex—"Yet, who could that be with her in the character of Abelard? Rochester—it must have been Rochester," said his Highness to himself: "Well, that sleek favourite shall not rival me in her sweet glances; I shall to-morrow, disguised, go to that magician, Dr. Forman, and learn my fate from his cabalistic art."

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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